THE

MINSTREL OF ZION:

A BOOK OF

RELIGIOUS SONGS,

COMPANIED WITH

APPROPRIATE MUSIC,

CHIEFLY ORIGINAL.

BY REV. WILLIAM HUNTER,

AUTHOR OF "TRIBUTE TO CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATE," AND AUTHOR OF THE "SELECT MELODIES."

AND

REV. SAMUEL WAKEFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "EUCLESIAS" HARMONY," "AMERICAN [illegible] MUSIC," "OLIVE BRANCH," "WESTERN

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BY REV. WILLIAM HUNTER,

EDITOR OF "PITTSBURGH CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE," AND AUTHOR OF THE "SELECT MELODIES,"

AND

REV. SAMUEL WAKEFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "ECCLESIASTIC HARMONY," "AMERICAN REPOSITORY OF SACRED MUSIC," "CHRISTIAN'S HARP," "WESTERN HARP," ETC.

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PREFACE.

This work seeks not a place in the higher departments of poetry and music. It is rather designed as a contribution to the songs of plain Christian people, who make little pretensions to highly cultivated musical and poetical taste. The simple and pathetic have been more sought for than the lofty and sublime. The censure of the *connoisseur* may therefore be expected, at least upon some of the compositions. They are not in general of the order most approved by persons of this description. Nevertheless, it is hoped that a considerable portion of the work will meet with some favour from persons of cultivated, if not of fastidious taste. If the authors had been capable of producing a work adapted throughout to the taste of the *critic*, it might have failed of their design, as being too far in advance of *ordinary* taste for popular use. On the other hand, they have endeavoured to avoid catering for a vulgar taste so far as to be justly reprehensible. A medium course has been sought as desirable. How far they have succeeded, others must judge.

Although this work contains a number of hymns and tunes adapted to the congregation, and especially to prayer-meetings, class-meetings and love-feasts, and to the "altar," in seasons of revival, yet it is mainly intended for the family and social circle. Many of the compositions do not aspire to the character of *hymns*, but are rather "spiritual," or religious *songs*, of which class of compositions honourable mention is made in the Scriptures. The authors persuade themselves that they have presented as great a variety as can well be afforded in the same space.

With their prayers for its usefulness they dedicate this work to the lovers of pious song.

*** Frequent references are made throughout the book to hymns in the "SELECT MELODIES," suitable to be sung to particular tunes in this work. The two works will be found adapted to each other. W. H.

Pittsburgh, 1845.

INTRODUCTION,

CONTAINING SOME BRIEF REMARKS ON SOLMIZATION.

In teaching and practising Vocal Music, it is common to apply certain syllables to the several degrees or intervals of the Diatonic Scale: this is called Solmization. The end proposed is, that the application of the same syllable to the same degree or interval may naturally suggest its proper sound, and its true relation to the other degrees of the scale.

It is true, that this system of singing had its opposers; but it should be recollected that the Cathedral Boys in England are taught in this manner; and from this school have emanated such masters in this science as Drs. Boyce, Nares, Arnold, Cook, and a host of others of equal celebrity.

In the application of syllables to musical sounds, several methods have been adopted.

The syllables originally used by the French musicians for this purpose are *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si.* They were applied to the ascending scale of the Major Mode, and in the order in which they are here named, *si* being the *Leading Note,* or the one which stands between the *Minor* and the *Major Tonic.*

The English have generally employed only four syllables: these are *fa, sol, la, mi,* and are found to answer every necessary purpose, by repeating *fa, sol,* and *la,* before *mi,* thus representing the seven degrees of the Diatonic Scale. This method has been still farther simplified by the introduction of what is called the *patent note* system, in which the solmization is not only restricted to four syllables, but these syllables are also designated by the different forms of the notes which are employed.

There are some who object entirely to the use of patent notes, because they suppose that their use retards the progress of musical science, and leads to a superficial per-

formance of Vocal Music. But this is a groundless objection, because it attributes to the use of the system what ought to be applied to the abuse of it. It is not the patent note system that makes superficial singers, but the manner of instruction. There is nothing that can be taught in relation to musical science that may not be imparted on the patent note plan, provided the teacher understand the subject himself. If, therefore, the patent note system lays no obstacle in the way to the acquisition of musical science, and if it in any degree simplifies this abstruse subject, which, I think all will acknowledge, why should it not be preferred to any other system?

The Italians used the syllables *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si,* to represent musical sounds. This plan is now in use in many parts of the United States, and is known as the *do, re, mi* system. I will now lay before the reader a tabular view of these several methods of solmization, as applied to the ascending scale of the Major Mode; which, on the natural scale, always has C for its *tonic* or *key note.*

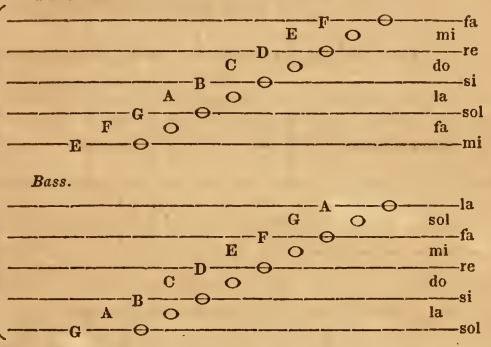
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	C,	D,	E,	F,	G,	A,	B.
The French,	ut,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si.
The English,	fa,	sol,	la,	fa,	sol,	la,	mi.
The Italian,	do,	re,	mi,	fa,	sol,	la,	si.

It is here seen that the only difference between the French and the Italian method is, in the syllable which is applied to the *tonic.* The French use *ut,* and the Italians use *do;* which is better adapted to rapid articulation. It is seen also that both the French and the Italians apply *si* to the Leading Note, while the English represent the same note by *mi;* and instead of *ut, re, mi,* or *do, re, mi,* they use *fa, sol, la.*

It may here be remarked that the *do, re, mi* system is as applicable to music which is published in patent notes, as to any other. It is only necessary to leave the form of the notes out of the question, and perform the music according to the Italian method.

For the benefit of those who prefer this system, I will lay down a few scales, and make such observations as may appear necessary.

The syllables are applied to the degrees of the natural scale in the following order—

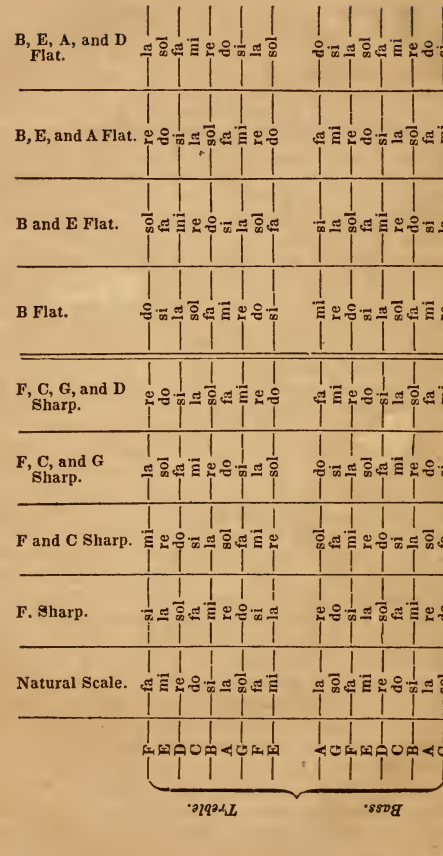


From this scale it is seen that the natural place for *si* is on B; but

If B be flat, *si* is on E.
B and E be flat, *si* is on A.
B, E, and A be flat, *si* is on D.
B, E, A, and D be flat, *si* is on G.

If F be sharp, *si* is on F.
F and C be sharp, *si* is on C.
F, C, and G be sharp, *si* is on G.
F, C, G, and D be sharp, *si* is on D.

When the place of the *leading note* is found, the order of the syllables, in regular gradation, either ascending or descending, is always the same. In the ascending scale, commencing with the first degree above *si*, which is always the Major Tonic, the syllables are, *do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si*. And in the descending scale, commencing with the first degree below *si*, which is always the Minor Tonic, they are *la, sol, fa, mi, re, do, si*. This will more fully appear in the following scale of transposed keys:


B, E, A, and D Flat.
B, E, and A Flat.
B and E Flat.
B Flat.
F, C, G, and D Sharp.
F, C, and G Sharp.
F and C Sharp.
F. Sharp.
Natural Scale.
Treble.
Bass.

For the satisfaction of the pupil, and for the sake of uniformity, I will offer a word in relation to the pronunciation of the syllables employed in singing. To make this plain the syllables are set down in capitals, and their proper sound in Italics: thus, DO, *do;* RE, *ray;* MI, *me;* FA, *faw;* SOL, *sole;* LA, *law;* SI, *see.* Some authors direct that A in *la* and *fa* shall be sounded as it is in father; but I greatly prefer the broad sound as in *law*, as being more musical and dignified. We are sometimes taught that when an accidental sharp is set before a note to which *fa* or *sol* is applied, the vowel should be changed into ee; thus, instead of giving these notes their usual sound, they would be changed to *fee* and *see.* But this practice, though advocated by high authority, is evidently incorrect, as may be easily shown. It ought to be known that there is a great difference between a *vowel sound*, and *a tone of the voice* in a musical sense. Each vowel has its distinctive sound, but all the vowel sounds may be uttered in the same tone of voice, as any one may easily prove by practice. It cannot, therefore, be true that a change of the *vowel*, as in the cases which have been noticed, will necessarily change the *tone.* It is rather to be expected that this mode of performing sharp intervals will prevent the very end which it is used to secure; for it is more than likely that the performer will be satisfied with a change of the vowel, while he suffers the tone to be unaffected by the sharp. But if it were really true, that to change the vowel would change the tone of voice, then insuperable difficulties would be thrown in the way of the application of music to poetry. Who does not see the impossibility in this case, of preserving a uniformity of vowel sounds to the different notes of a tune? On this principle some notes would be sharped, contrary to the intention of the composer, while others, which ought to be sharped, would be sung on the natural scale; and some notes that would be sharped by the use of one stanza, would be natural by the use of another. A little reflection will set this matter in a clear light; and it is therefore thought unnecessary to pursue this subject farther in this place.

S. W.

MINSTREL OF ZION.

PRAISE. L. M. S. W

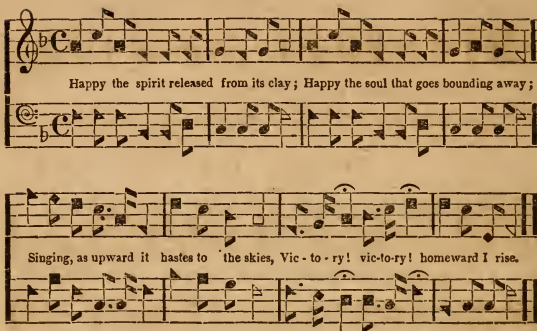
Oh praise the Lord! he dwells on high, Above the stars of yonder sky:
Be - fore him, robed in dazzling white, Stand all the radiant sons of light.

2 Oh praise the Lord! the angels praise
His holiness, his wondrous grace;
With harps of heaven, and songs divine,
Around his throne they sing and shine.

3 Oh praise the Lord! the streams of love,
From that unfailing fount above,
O'er all our spreading plains below
In healthful rills for ever flow.

4 Oh praise the Lord! our praise is due,
Since sinners share his blessings too:
The kingdom, power, and praise be thine,
Eternal Majesty Divine.

THE CHRISTIAN VICTOR. P. M.*


Happy the spirit released from its clay; Happy the soul that goes bounding away;
Singing, as upward it hastes to the skies, Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! homeward I rise.

2 Many the toils it has passed through below,
Many the seasons of trial and wo;
Many the doubtings it never should sing
Victory! victory! thus on the wing.

3 There lies the wearisome body at rest;
Closed are its eyelids, and quiet its breast;
But the glad spirit, on pinions of light,
Victory! victory! sings in its flight.

4 While we are weeping our friends gone from earth,
Angels are singing their heavenly birth:
Welcome, oh welcome to our happy shore;
Victory! victory! weep ye no more.

5 How can we wish them recall'd from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam?
Safely they pass'd from their troubles beneath,
Victory! victory! shouting in death.

6 Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies,
Bids them in glorified bodies arise;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory! victory! Jesus hath come!

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* Select Melodies, Hymns 291 and 294.

JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY. P. M.

To the preceding air.

1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

2 Soon with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam;
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home.

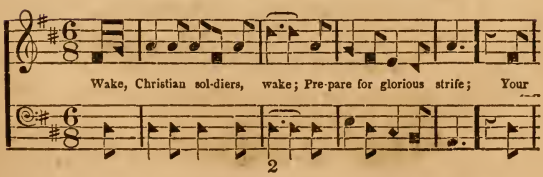
3 Friends fondly cherish'd have pass'd on before,
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

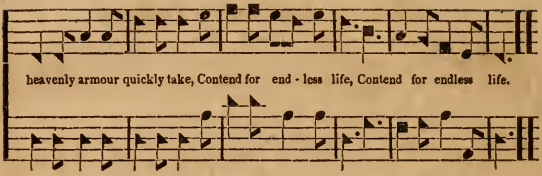
4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low,
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.

6 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS. S. M. s. w.





2 Rally around the cross,
Lift up your faithful eye,
And hail the symbol of your cause—
Your banner in the sky.

3 By this invincible,
Victoriously withstand
The legions from the gates of hell—
Apollyon's veteran band.

4 Well train'd to war are they,
And fight with wild despair:
To arms! to arms! and win the day,
And drive them to their lair.

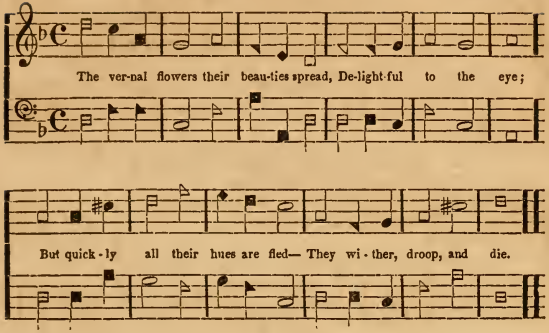
5 Your captain leads the van;
Hark to his cheering words!
Yours is the cause of God and man:
Salvation is the Lord's.

6 Be firm, be bold, be true,
Nor ever fly the field;
Your God will bring you conq'rors through:
Your enemies must yield.

7 Your armour comes from heaven,
To heaven it clears the way;
And brighter crowns shall there be given,
And palms of victory.

8 Courage, ye blood-wash'd host;
Look to the Lord alone;
And soon eternal triumphs boast,
Through God's eternal Son.

FADING FLOWERS. C. M. S. W.


The ver-nal flowers their beau-ties spread, De-light-ful to the eye;
But quick-ly all their hues are fled— They wi-ther, droop, and die.

1 The vernal flowers their beauties spread,
Delightful to the eye;
But quickly all their hues are fled—
They wither, droop, and die.

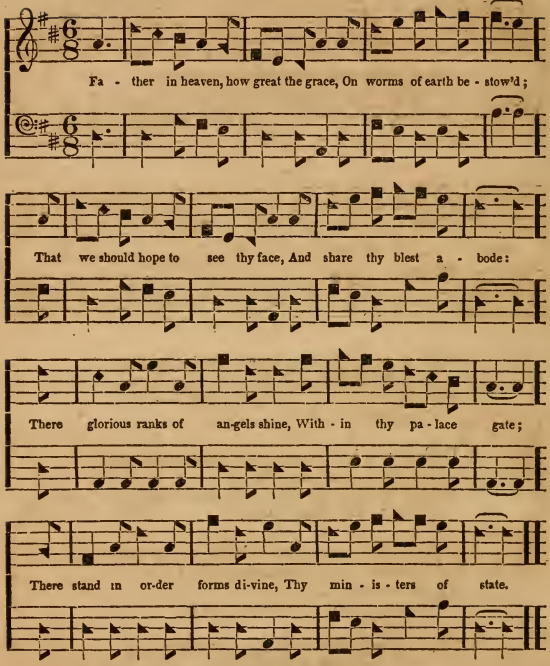
2 Emblem of beauteous childhood's bloom,
Emblem of its decay;
Swiftly they leave us for the tomb,
Wither, and pass away.

3 Why should we mourn these fading flowers,
From this low vale removed,
To bloom afresh in angel's bowers,
By them and Christ beloved?

4 Thus sever'd from their parent stem,
Our babes go on before;
That our fond hearts may follow them,
To that immortal shore.

5 There they and we, (when Christ appears,)
All wash'd from sin's foul stain,
Shall flourish through eternal years;
Nor die, nor weep again.

SOCIETY IN HEAVEN. C. M. D. s. w.


Fa - ther in heaven, how great the grace, On worms of earth be - stow'd;
That we should hope to see thy face, And share thy blest a - bode:
There glorious ranks of an-gels shine, With - in thy pa - lace gate;
There stand in or-der forms di-vine, Thy min - is - ters of state.

2 There hosts of sapient cherubim,
With awful wisdom crowned;
And there are ardent seraphim,
For loyal hearts renown'd:
Oh how shall we, among those throngs
Appear, new raised from earth?
Will not our faltering, stammering tongues,
Reveal our meaner birth?

3 Lo! blood-wash'd millions, moving there,
For whom the Lamb was slain,
The brightest crowns in glory wear,
The highest seats obtain:
One family in heaven above
Dwell saints and angels blest;
The younger share the fonder love,
The favourites of the rest.

4 The dwellers in that holy place,
Around the glorious throne,
Behold each other face to face,
And know as they are known:
Nor envy there a place can find,
Nor haughtier feelings rise;
Love is the thought of every mind,
The language of the skies

"SAINTS, ARISE." P. M.*

Soon we shall see, shall see the glorious morning; Saints, a-
Sin-ners at-tend, at-tend the notes of warning; Saints, a-
rise, saints, a-rise;
rise, saints, a-rise;
The re-sur-rec-tion day draws near, The

* Select Melodies, Hymn 147.

2 Hear ye the trump, the trump of God resounding;
Saints, arise—saints, arise;
Through death's dark vaults, dark vaults its notes rebounding,
Saints, arise—saints, arise;
To meet the Bridegroom, haste, prepare,
Put on your bridal garments fair,
And hail your Saviour in the air;
Saints, arise—saints, arise.

3 The saints who sleep, who sleep, with joy awaken,
All arise, all arise;
Their clay-cold beds, cold beds are quick forsaken;
All arise, all arise;
Not one, of all the faithful few,
Who here on earth the Saviour knew,
But starts, with bliss, his Lord to view;
All arise, all arise.

4 Pursue them on, them on their pathway glorious;
All arise, all arise;
Led by their King, their King o'er death victorious,
All arise, all arise;
On Zion's hill secure they stand,
With palms of victory in their hand;
To that long-sought, and peaceful land,
All arise, all arise.

5 Fast by the throne, the throne of God behold them;
Blissful scene, blissful scene,
And in his arms, his arms the Saviour folds them,
Blissful scene, blissful scene;
With wreaths of glory round their head,
No tears of sorrow now are shed,
To joy's full fountain all are led;
All is bliss, all is bliss.

THE SHUNAMITE'S SON. P. M.

To the preceding air, by sluring the two notes of the fourth measure.

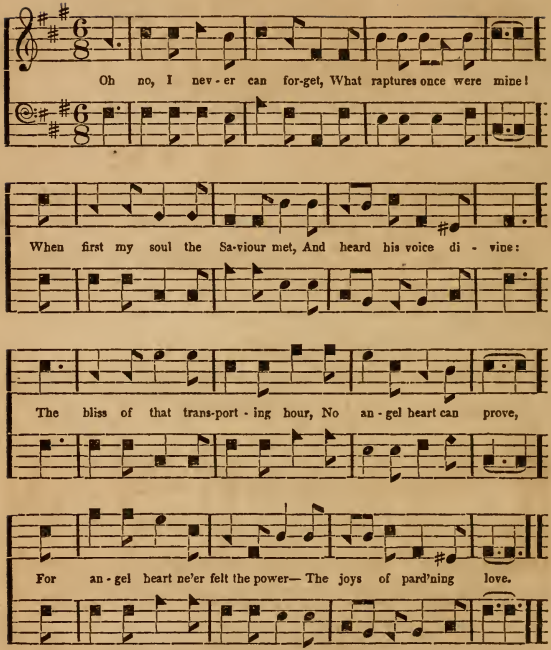
1 The child! the child! the kind old prophet said,
Is it well? is it well?
Doth it still live? or is the sweet one dead!
Is it well? is it well?
I fear me by that altered mien,
It is no more as it hath been—
No more among the living seen:
Is it well? is it well?

2 'Tis well, 'tis well, the mother weeping said,
It is well, it is well;
So must it be, to heaven its soul has fled,
It is well, it is well:
But ah! my heart is rent in twain,
What joys to me on earth remain,
Since death my dearest joy hath slain?
It is well, it is well.

3 But from the dead that mother grasped her son,
He arose, he arose;
Sprung forth to life, that cherished, lovely one,
He arose, he arose:
And so shall rise each infant dear,
That parents fondly cherish here;
Before the Lord shall all appear,
All shall rise, all shall rise.

4 What though the dust awhile to dust return,
It is well, it is well:
It is not meet that we should sadly mourn,
It is well, it is well:
The happy spirit, robed in white,
To climes of glory wings its flight,
And there, before the throne of light,
It is well, it is well.

THE BACKSLIDER. C. M. D. S. W.


Oh no, I nev - er can for-get, What raptures once were mine!
When first my soul the Sa-viour met, And heard his voice di - vine:
The bliss of that trans-port - ing hour, No an - gel heart can prove,
For an - gel heart ne'er felt the power— The joys of pard'ning love.

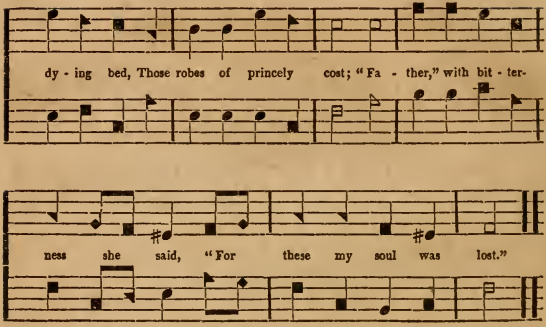
2 Ah me! those happy days are flown,
My heart is left to mourn,
My joys, like early dew, are gone;
Oh! will they e'er return?
I seek for peace in pleasure's bowers,
Where others seek do I;
But earthly joys are fading flowers;
We touch them, and they die.

3 I smile on those who smile on me,
And they may think me blest;
But one alone my heart can see;
He knows it cannot rest.
Oh! had I ne'er my Lord denied,
Nor turn'd me from his voice,—
Ne'er wander'd from my Shepherd's side,
My heart could now rejoice.

4 Oh! could I break this double chain,
That binds me down to earth,
My captive soul would rise again,
And claim her heavenly birth:
But if to wo I sink at last,
Ensnared in Satan's net,
The gracious raptures of the past
I never can forget.

THE DYING BACKSLIDER. C. M. D. S. W.

"Go, bring me," said the dy - ing fair, With
"My cost - ly robes and jew - els here, Go,
an - guish in her tone, } They strew'd them on her
bring them ev' - ry one: }



2 "With glorious hopes I once was blest,
Nor fear'd the gaping tomb;
With heaven already in my breast,
I look'd for heaven to come:
I heard a Saviour's pardoning voice;
My soul was fill'd with peace:
Father, you bought me with these toys,
I barter'd heaven for these.

3 "Take them—they are the price of blood,
For these I lost my soul;
For these, must bear the wrath of God,
While ceaseless ages roll:
Remember, when you look on these,
Your daughter's fearful doom,
That she, her pride and thine to please,
Went quaking to the tomb.

4 "Go, bear them from my sight and touch,
Your gifts I here restore;
Keep them with care, they cost you much,
They cost your daughter more:
Look at them every rolling year,
Upon my dying day,
And drop for me the burning tear"—
She said, and sunk away.

LONGING FOR HEAVEN.. P. M. S. W.

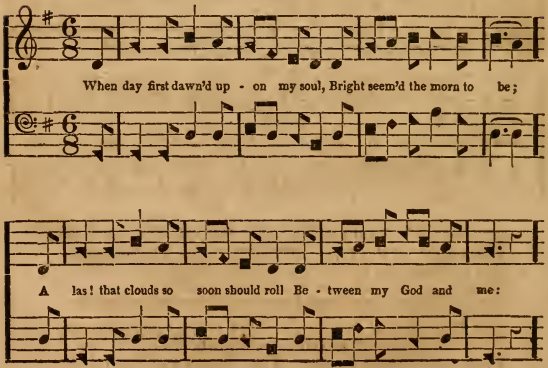
Oh! had I the wings of a dove, I would fly A - way to my
With an - gels and glo - ri - fied spi - rits on high, Who fast by the
home, and for-ev - er re - side; The days of my sor-row ing then should be
throne of my Sa-viour a - bide:
past, My war-fare and pil-grim-age both should be o'er; Safe, safe in the
climes of bright glo - ry at last, Where sin and where suff'ring are heard of no more.

2 Oh! there I should range, with the saints in pure white,
The banks of the river that flows from the throne;
But ever return from each feebler delight,
To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone:
If here, in the gloom of this dungeon below,
The light of that smile pierce the gross walls of clay,
What triumphs of rapture incessantly flow,
From that blessed smile, in the regions of day!

3 The fields of that land may for ever be green,
Its flowers ne'er wither, nor fruitage decay,
And autumn and spring hand in hand may be seen,
Like beauty and wealth, in their bridal array:
Each sight may be charming, ecstatic each sound;
Each odour be fragrant as gales of the spring;
But all beauties mingle, and all joys are found
Alone in the smile of my Saviour and King.

4 With patriarchs, prophets, and sages of old,
Who walk'd with their God in this valley of tears—
With saints and with martyrs, in life's book enroll'd,
Methinks I might joyfully spend the long years:
With angels how happily could I unite—
They watch'd o'er my pathway, with dangers bestrown;
But still I would turn, with increasing delight,
To feast on the smile of my Saviour alone.

THE CONVERT IN DOUBT. C. M. D. s. w.



2 I fancied I should never fear,
Should never doubt again,
Should never drop another tear,
That all my foes were slain;
But now my heart with anguish faints,
It doubts and fears anew;
Come, tell me, oh ye happy saints!
If it was so with you.

3 Have faith, have faith, thou fainting soul,
On Christ thy spirit stay,
And all these clouds that darkly roll,
Will swiftly pass away:
And brighter, holier moments thou
Shalt yet rejoice to know,
Although through fear and doubting, now,
The hours are sad and slow.

4 Satan thy foe would make thee fear,
Like Peter on the wave,
But lo! thy Saviour still is near,
His hand stretch'd out to save.
"Oh! wherefore dost thou doubt, (he saith,)
Do I not rule the sea?
Away those fears; have faith, have faith,
For I am still with thee."

"THE OLD SHIP OF ZION." (*Rebuilt.*)

WOMEN.
Come, tell of your vessel, and what is her name? Oh! happy Christian sailors!
Say, who is your captain? and what is his fame? Oh! happy Christian sailors!
CHORUS. MEN.
She's the "Old ship of Zi - on," Hal - le - lu - jah!
And her cap - tain's Ju - dah's Li - on, Hal - le - lu - jah!

2 Say, who are on board, and from whence do they come?
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
And why do you bear them away from their home?
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
They are chosen, called, and holy,
Hallelujah!
And have left the land of folly,
Hallelujah!

3 Say, is her keel sound, and her larder well stored?
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
And will you receive other comrades on board?
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
Come on board the vessel, stranger;
Hallelujah!
For we dread no want nor danger,
Hallelujah!

4 But let me first know, ere on board I am found,
Oh! happy Christian sailors!
The name of the port where your vessel is bound,
Oh! happy Christian sailors!
We seek the port of heaven,
Hallelujah!
Bright crowns shall there be given,
Hallelujah!

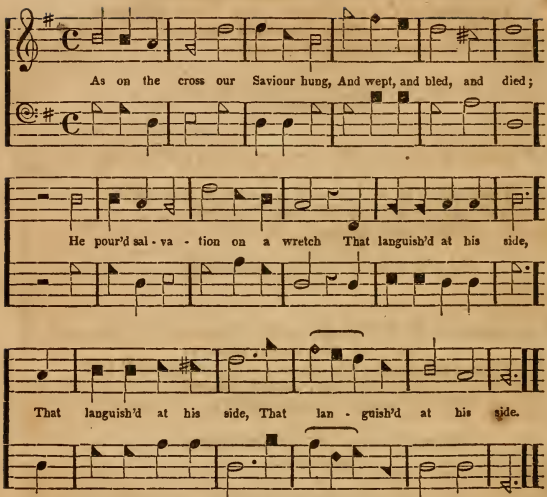
5 But will you not fear when the ocean waves roar,
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
That you will be lost, and will never gain shore?
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
Our captain rules the ocean,
Hallelujah!
He can still the waves' commotion,
Hallelujah!

6 And when you leave port, and are sailing the sea,
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
What then on the ship your employment shall be?
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
We will sing the songs of Zion,
Hallelujah!
And we'll keep our colours flying,
Hallelujah!

7 But may you not fear as you ride o'er the main,
Oh! tell me, happy sailors,
Some foe may engage you, and all may be slain?
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
We will fear no cannon's rattle,
Hallelujah!
For our ship ne'er lost a battle,
Hallelujah!

8 And what will you do when you gain heaven's shore,
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
Your voyage at an end and your perils all o'er?
Oh! tell me, happy sailors!
We'll repeat the pleasing story,
Hallelujah!
And we'll sing and shout in glory,
Hallelujah!

PENITENT THIEF. C. M. S. W.


As on the cross our Saviour hung, And wept, and bled, and died;
He pour'd sal - va - tion on a wretch That languish'd at his side,
That languish'd at his side, That lan - guish'd at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
The penitent confess'd;
Then turn'd his dying eyes on Christ,
And thus his prayer address'd.

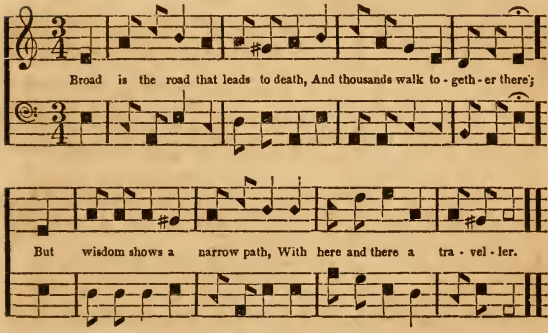
3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of heaven,
Thou spotless Lamb of God;
I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
And welt'ring in thy blood.

4 "Yet quickly from these scenes of wo,
In triumph thou shalt rise:
Burst through the gloomy shades of death,
And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of that world,
Dear Saviour, think on me;
And in the victories of thy death
Let me a sharer be."

6 His prayer the dying Jesus heard,
And instantly replies;
To-day thy parting soul shall be
With me in Paradise.

THE BROAD AND NARROW WAY. L. M. S. W.


Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to - geth - er there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path, With here and there a tra - vel - ler.

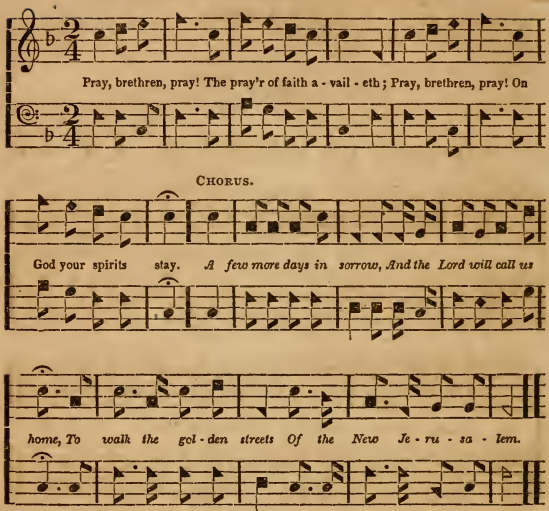
2 "Deny thyself, take up thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain that heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Can never share the bliss of saints,
But makes his own destruction sure.

4 Saviour, direct my doubtful feet,
In wisdom's narrow, happy way;
That I with all thy saints may meet,
Around thy throne, in realms of day.

Altered from Watts, by W. H.

"PRAY, BRETHREN, PRAY." P. M.


Pray, brethren, pray! The pray'r of faith a - vail - eth; Pray, brethren, pray! On
CHORUS.
God your spirits stay. A few more days in sorrow, And the Lord will call us
home, To walk the gol - den streets Of the New Je - ru - sa - lem.

1 PRAY, brethren, pray!
The prayer of faith availeth;
Pray, brethren, pray!
On God your spirits stay.

A few more days in sorrow,
And the Lord will call us home,
To walk the golden streets
Of the New Jerusalem.

2 Sing, brethren, sing!
Rejoice with joy and gladness;
Sing, brethren, sing!
Your songs of triumph bring.
Chorus.

3 Rise, brethren, rise!
Your souls by faith ascending;
Rise, brethren, rise!
Your home is in the skies.
Chorus.

4 Home, brethren, home!
That home is pure and holy;
Home, brethren, home!
No evil there can come.
Chorus.

5 Come, brethren, come!
We'll travel on together;
Come, brethren, come!
We're on our journey home.
Chorus.

6 Come, sinner, too!
Christ came to save poor sinners;
Come, sinner, too!
The message is to you.

Oh wait not for to-morrow!
For to-morrow may not come;
Repent, and come with us
To the New Jerusalem.

"RISE, SINNER, RISE." P. M.

To the preceding air.

1 Rise, sinner, rise!
The Master calleth for thee;
Rise, sinner, rise!
The voice of love obey.
Come, though thou art unworthy,
On his breast thy burden lay,
And be his own to-day—
Be his own—his own to-day.

2 Rise, sinner, rise!
Why dost thou halt and tarry?
Rise, sinner, rise!
And share his promis'd rest.
Come, all ye sick and weary,
Lay your sorrows on his breast,
And be for ever blest—
Be for ever—ever blest.

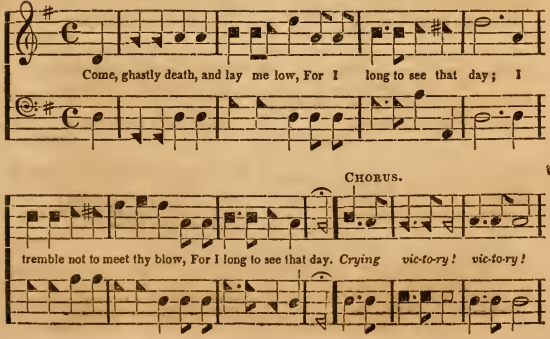
3 Come, sinner, come!
The day of grace is waning;
Come, sinner, come!
His grace and mercy prove.
Those sins thy conscience staining,
With his blood he will remove,
And fill thee with his love—
Fill thee—fill thee with his love.

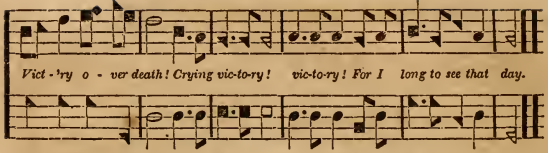
4 Come, sinner, come!
There's danger in delaying;
Come, sinner, come!
Nor risk eternal bliss.
Come to his footstool praying,
"Give me, Saviour, give me peace;
From all my sins release—
All my sins—from all release."

5 Pray, sinner, pray!
Thy sighs are heard in heaven;
Pray, sinner, pray!
The Saviour pleads for thee.
Thy sins shall be forgiven,
From them all thou shalt be free,
And great thy joy shall be—
Great thy joy—thy joy shall be.

6 Pray, sinner, pray!
With fervour never ceasing;
Pray, sinner, pray!
Till Christ his mercy give.
Now claim in faith the blessing,
Jesus bids thee grace receive,
And to his glory live—
To his glory ever live.

VICTORY. P. M.


Come, ghastly death, and lay me low, For I long to see that day; I
Chorus.
tremble not to meet thy blow, For I long to see that day. Crying vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry!



1 COME, ghastly death, and lay me low,
For I long to see that day;
I tremble not to meet thy blow,
For I long to see that day.
Chorus.

2 My Saviour's hand hath drawn thy sting,
And I long to see that day,
When I shall vict'ry, vict'ry sing!
Oh I long to see that day.
Chorus.

3 The grave to me more pleasant seems,
For I long to see that day,
Than downy beds to weary limbs,
For I long to see that day.
Chorus.

4 I there shall lay me down to sleep,
And I long to see that day;
And Christ my dust shall safely keep;
Oh I long to see that day.
Chorus.

5 But oh! a brighter day shall rise,
And I long to see that day,—
Shall blaze o'er earth, and sea, and skies,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

6 That last great day of doom and dread,
And I long to see that day,
For which all other days were made,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

7 Then Christ shall come, and I shall fly,
And I long to see that day,
In triumph to his throne on high,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

8 His powerful voice shall rend my tomb,
And I long to see that day,
And starting I shall quit its gloom,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

9 Then shall I join the ransom'd throng,
And I long to see that day,
And vict'ry still shall be my song,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

10 The long white robe we all shall wear,
And I long to see that day,
And palms of vict'ry each shall bear,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

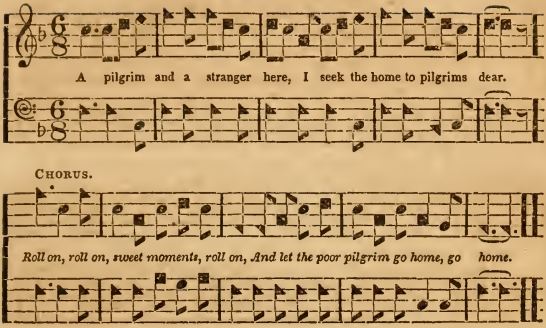
11 With harps in hand the host shall move,
And I long to see that day.
Up to Jerusalem above,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

12 Her pearly gates shall then unfold,
And I long to see that day,
When we shall walk her streets of gold,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

13 These eyes at length shall weep no more,
And I long to see that day;
All sufferings past, all sorrows o'er,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

14 The throne of light we then shall see,
And I long to see that day,
And shout eternal victory,
And I long to see that day.
Chorus.

THE PILGRIM. 8, 8.


A pilgrim and a stranger here, I seek the home to pilgrims dear.
CHORUS.
Roll on, roll on, sweet moments, roll on, And let the poor pilgrim go home, go home.

2 I leave the world and sin behind,
That better home in heaven to find. *Chorus.*

3 Fair lands are here, and houses fair,
But fairer is my home up there. *Chorus.*

4 What though, like Laz'rus, sick and poor,
My home in heav'n is still secure. *Chorus.*

5 When death shall come, my soul shall fly,
On wings of angels through the sky. *Chorus.*

6 In Abr'am's bosom I shall rest,
For ever safe, for ever blest. *Chorus.*

7 What though I weep awhile below,
In heaven my tears shall cease to flow. *Chorus.*

8 In that fair clime of endless day,
The Lord shall wipe all tears away. *Chorus.*

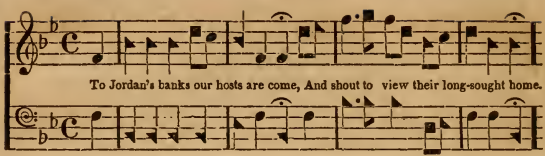
9 To living founts, through verdant meads,
The Lamb his ransom'd followers leads. *Chorus.*

10 The fruits and flowers of Paradise
In plenteous beauty round them rise. *Chorus.*

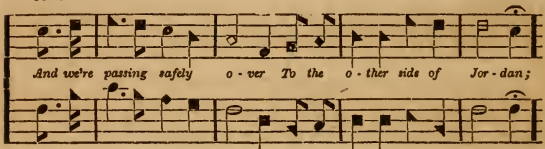
11 No death shall visit them again;
No sickness there, no touch of pain. *Chorus.*

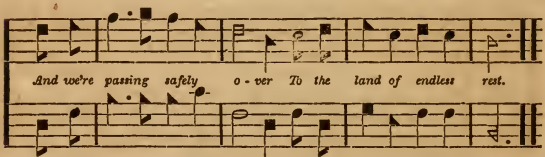
12 No mourning there, no fun'ral gloom,
But health and youth for ever bloom. *Chorus.*

CHRISTIAN PILGRIMS. P. M. S. W.



CHORUS.





2 Ten thousand snares already past,
We see the promised land at last.
Chorus.

3 From Pharaoh's hellish hosts set free,
We safely cross'd the deep red sea.
Chorus.

4 O'er deserts waste and wild we stray'd,
Of our ownselves and foes afraid.
Chorus.

5 But Jesus sent us bread from heav'n,
And water from the rock was giv'n.
Chorus.

6 At length our journey nearly o'er,
With bounding hearts we hail the shore.
Chorus.

7 Behold those hills, where pleasures grow,
Those vales where "milk and honey flow."
Chorus.

8 There in that beauteous, wealthy land;
Bright streams "roll down their golden sand."
Chorus.

9 There trees of life, for ever green,
Along the river banks are seen.
Chorus.

10 There "never-withering flowers" appear,
And spring and autumn rule the year.
Chorus.

11 Those lofty hills—I look on them,
For there is New Jerusalem.
Chorus.

12 Its burnish'd tow'rs the sun outshine,
A mansion there I claim as mine.
Chorus.

13 Its pearly gates, its golden streets,
My longing heart with rapture greets.
Chorus.

14 The God of glory there displays
The beamings of his smiling face.
Chorus.

15 O Zion! I have long'd to be
A happy citizen of thee.
Chorus.

16 No more to war, no more to roam,
But dwell in peace and joy at home.
Chorus.

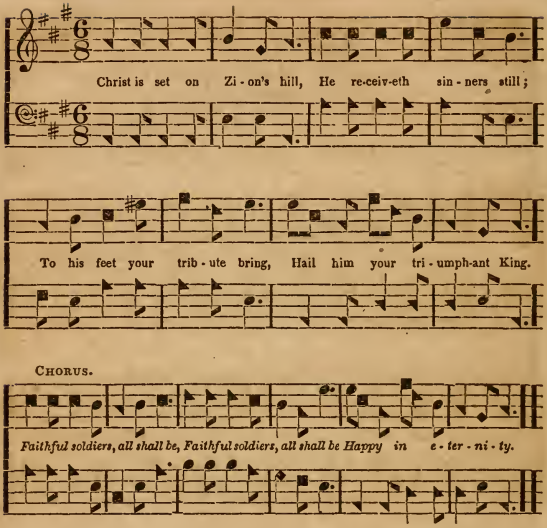
"SINNER, COME." P. M.

2 Sinner, come,
While there's room,
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord
By his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner, come,
Lo, the tomb
Opens wide before thee!
See death stand—
Lift his hand,
Waiting to devour thee.

4 Sinner, come,
Ere thy doom
Shall be seal'd for ever;
Now return,
Grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour.

"FAITHFUL SOLDIERS." P. M.* S. W.


Christ is set on Zi - on's hill, He re-ceiv-eth sin - ners still;
To his feet your trib - ute bring, Hail him your tri - umph-ant King.
CHORUS.
Faithful soldiers, all shall be, Faithful soldiers, all shall be Happy in e - ter - ni - ty.

2 Zion's King our Captain is,
Universal power is his;
Let the fiends of hell unite,
He will put them all to flight.
Chorus.

3 We by faith enlisted are
In the glorious gospel war;
Present pay we each receive,
And in bliss we all shall live.
Chorus.

4 When the mighty war is o'er
We shall live to die no more;
Live with Christ our Lord in heaven,
Crowns and thrones shall then be given.
Chorus.

5 Come, and join our martial band,
Bow to-day to Christ's command;
Gird the Christian armour on,
Wear it till the battle's won.
Chorus.

6 Come, ye guilty rebel race,
Take the Saviour's proffer'd grace;
Oh secure, while yet you may,
Pardon, peace, and victory.
Chorus.

Revised by W. H.

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* Select Melodies, Hymns 66 and 224.

PETITION. P. M.* S. W

O blessed Lord, be near us, With bread from heav'n to cheer us,
And with liv - ing wa - ters: Thou art our gra-cious Fa - ther, For
King we know no o - - ther; Call us sons and daugh - ters.

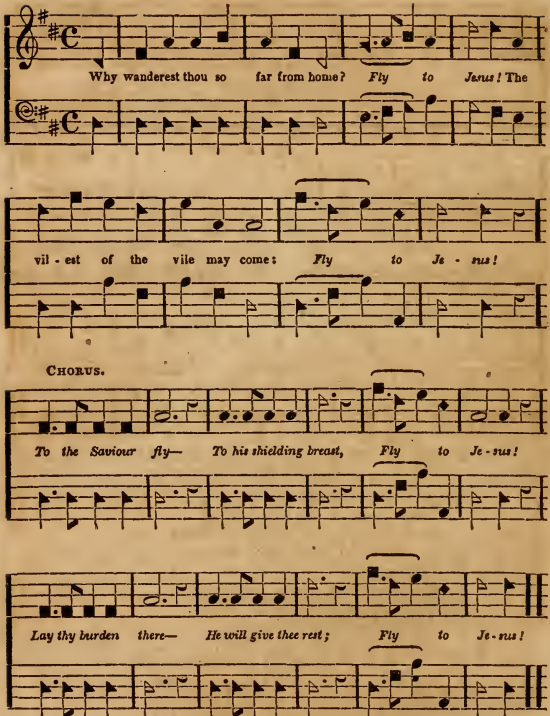
2 We would be thine, thou knowest;
Walk in the paths thou showest:—
Only thine for ever:
Save us from sin and folly,
And cleanse and make us holy,
Ever blessed Saviour.

3 Oh sanctify and guide us,
Be evermore beside us;
We are prone to wander.
Oh let us walk securely,
And live for Jesus purely,
Till we meet up yonder.

4 Breathe on us, Lord, and heal us;
Inspire and make us zealous,
Humble, meek, and fervent.
When here no longer staying,
May each one hear thee saying,
"Come, thou faithful servant."

* Select Melodies, Hymn 82.

"FLY TO JESUS." P. M. S. W.


Why wanderest thou so far from home? Fly to Jesus! The
vil - est of the vile may come: Fly to Je - sus!
CHORUS.
To the Saviour fly— To his shielding breast, Fly to Je - sus!
Lay thy burden there— He will give thee rest; Fly to Je - sus!

2 The tempter whispers, "yet delay:"
Fly to Jesus!
Resist his wiles and come to-day;
Fly to Jesus! *Chorus.*

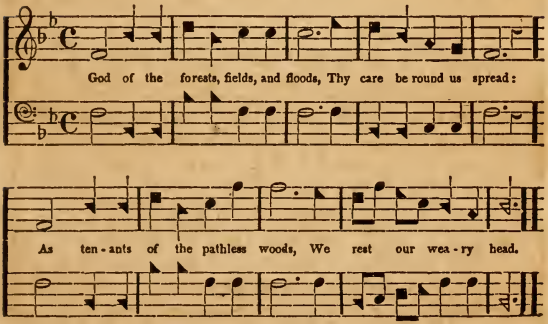
To-day thy homeward pathway trace;
Fly to Jesus!
Long hast thou toil'd in folly's ways;
Fly to Jesus! *Chorus.*

4 Thy toils have only brought thee woes;
Fly to Jesus!
O! tarry not—the door may close;
Fly to Jesus! *Chorus.*

5 Come, feast on joys divinely pure:
Fly to Jesus!
Come, and eternal life secure;
Fly to Jesus! *Chorus.*

AN EVENING HYMN IN THE WILDERNESS. C. M.

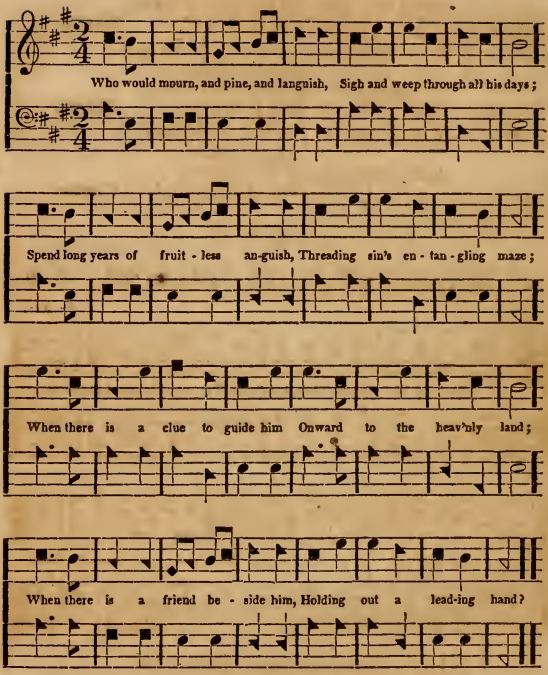
S. W.



2 The clouds and storms by thee are led—
By thee the beasts of prey
With daily care are ruled and fed,
And thee they must obey.

3 Thine eyes look down from heaven above,
With sleepless tender grace;
Oh! let us share thy guardian love
And rest in thine embrace.

INTERROGATION. P. M.* s. w.


Who would mourn, and pine, and languish, Sigh and weep through all his days;
Spend long years of fruit - less an-guish, Threading sin's en - tan - gling maze;
When there is a clue to guide him Onward to the heav'nly land;
When there is a friend be - side him, Holding out a lead-ing hand?

2 Who would be an exile longer,
In a foreign land to roam;
Starve with cold, and thirst, and hunger,
Far from friends, and far from home;

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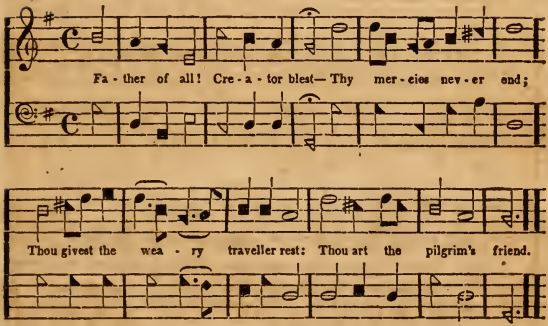
* Select Melodies, Hymns 42, 44, 131, 238, and 283.

When a Father's feast is waiting—
All his house with plenty stored—
When a Father's voice entreating,
Bids him to his ample board?

3 Who would choose to die for ever—
Die a never ending death;
Driven far from God his Saviour,
To the gloomy shades beneath;
When eternal life is proffer'd,
By the sinner's glorious friend,
When the joys of heaven are offer'd—
Boundless joys that never end?

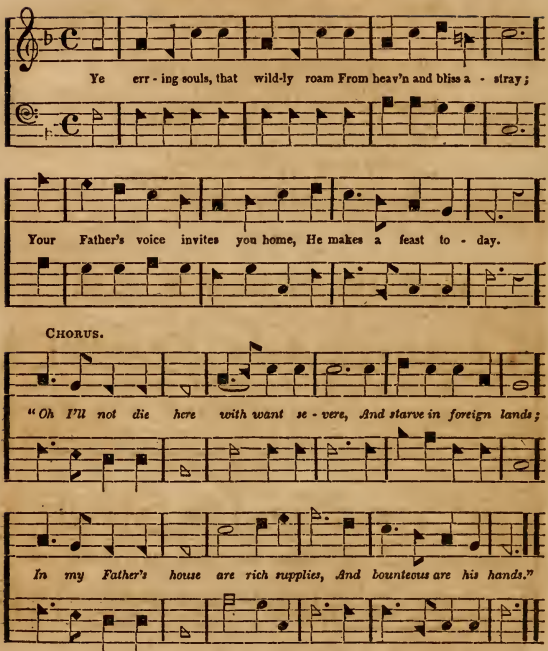
TRAVELLER'S MORNING HYMN. C. M.



2 I rise, and onward urge my way,
To Canaan's peaceful land;
Be thou around me day by day,
And guide me with thy hand.

3 By thee protected and sustained,
I have through dangers pass'd:
Oh may I, when my wanderings end,
Behold thy face at last.

THE PRODIGAL. C. M. S. W


Ye err - ing souls, that wild-ly roam From heav'n and bliss a - stray;
Your Father's voice invites you home, He makes a feast to - day.
CHORUS.
"Oh I'll not die here with want se - vere, And starve in foreign lands;
In my Father's house are rich supplies, And bounteous are his hands."

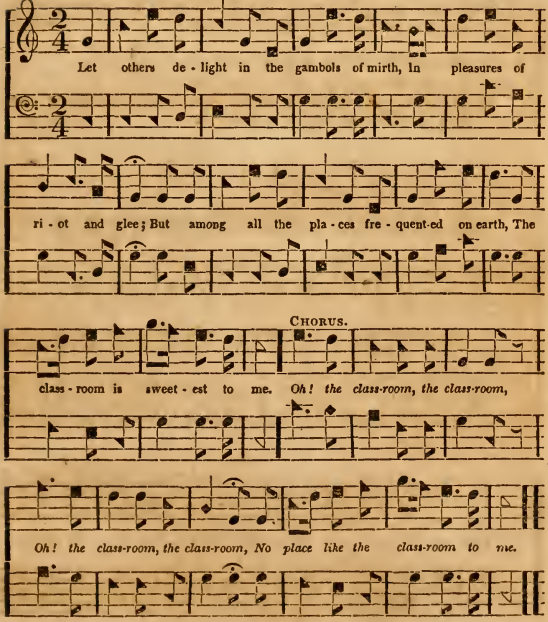
2 And thou art bidden, weary one,
With wants and woes opprest;
And every far off wandering son
May be a welcome guest. . *Chorus.*

3 Return, thou prodigal, return;
Thy Father bids thee come;
He doth thy needless absence mourn,
Thou erring child, come home. *Chorus.*

4 Come, for the feast already waits,
The fatlings all are slain:
Go, seek with haste his palace gate:
Nor shalt thou seek in vain. *Chorus.*

5 The Father stands and waits to greet
His late-returning son;
Go, haste thee, child, he runs to meet
And kiss thee as his own. *Chorus.*

THE CLASS-ROOM. P. M. S. W.


Let others de - light in the gambols of mirth, In pleasures of
ri - ot and glee; But among all the pla - ces fre - quent-ed on earth, The
CHORUS.
class - room is sweet - est to me. Oh! the class-room, the class-room,
Oh! the class-room, the class-room, No place like the class-room to me.

2 There kindred souls meet, and converse as of old,
Their record on high is the same;
For the Lord looketh down, and includes in his fold
The faithful who think on his name. *Chorus.*

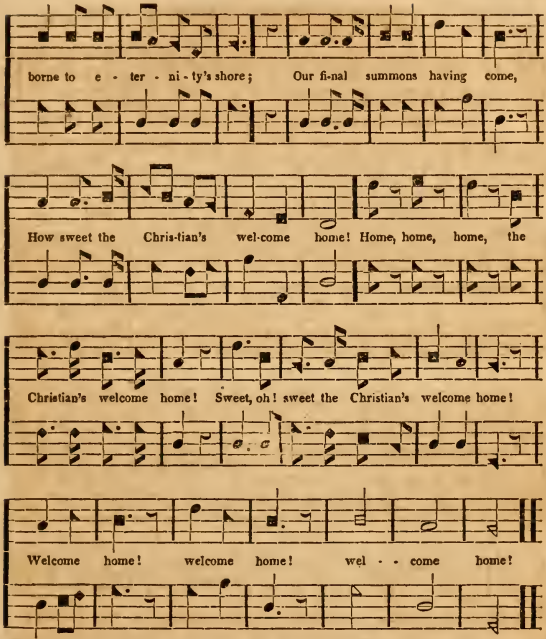
3 There spirit meets spirit, and eye speaks to eye,
And cords of sweet sympathy bind;
And together they press to their home in the sky,
Forgetting the sorrows behind. *Chorus.*

4 There hope plumes her wings, and exultingly goes
To bring from the land of the blest,
Those sweet leaves from the tree that in Paradise grows,
To heal all the wounds of the breast. *Chorus.*

5 Hope sings of a land where none ever shall die—
Where friendships shall never be riven;
Where the tears shall be wiped from each sorrowing eye,
And all shall be happy in heaven. *Chorus.*

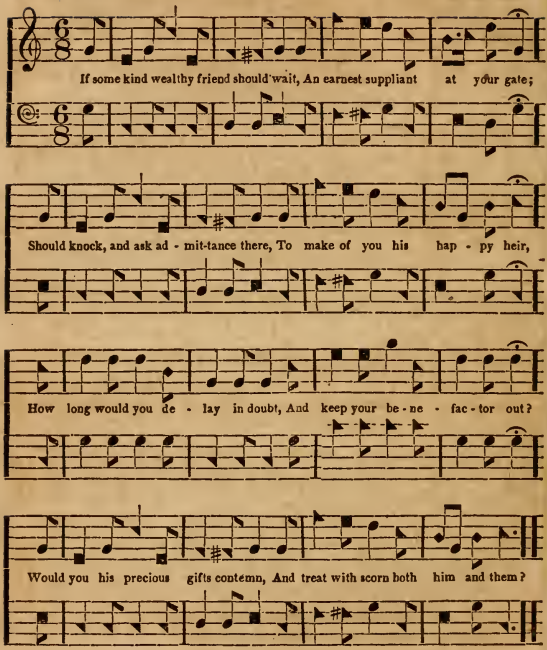
THE CHRISTIAN'S WELCOME HOME. P. M.

See, Christian, see, how time steals on, Soon will set life's sinking sun;
Like to the gleams of closing day, Fade these fleeting hours a - way.
Then up, let us toil, till our toil - ings are o'er, Till we shall be


borne to e - ter - ni - ty's shore; Our fi-nal summons having come,
How sweet the Chris-tian's wel-come home! Home, home, home, the
Christian's welcome home! Sweet, oh! sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Welcome home! welcome home! wel - - come home!

2 See how the shades of death come nigh,
Blissful shades when Christians die;
They mark the path our Saviour trod,
Dying saints to waft to God!
Then up, fellow Christian, let mourning be o'er,
Rejoice in thy Saviour, rejoice evermore!
Our angel convoy having come,
How sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Home, home, home, the Christian's welcome home!
Sweet, oh! sweet the Christian's welcome home!
Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

EXPOSTULATION. L. M. D. S. W.

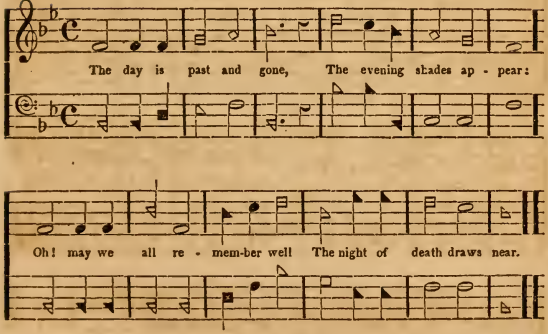

If some kind wealthy friend should wait, An earnest suppliant at your gate;
Should knock, and ask ad - mit-tance there, To make of you his hap - py heir,
How long would you de - lay in doubt, And keep your be-ne - fac-tor out?
Would you his precious gifts contemn, And treat with scorn both him and them?

2 How oft your Friend, from heav'n above,
Has knock'd and told you of his love;
From day to day, from year to year
He calls, but oh, you will not hear!
He offers you the pearl of price,
His own most costly merchandise,
A heavenly house, and heavenly lands,
A seat among the angel bands.

3 Say, is it wise in you to shun
A brighter crown than kings have won,
A fortune richer far than all
The gold of this terrestrial ball;
And glory, such as never shone
Around an earthly monarch's throne?
Oh! is it wise in you to slight
Unfading joys—unmix'd delight?

4 Arouse you from your sleep of sin,
And let your heavenly Friend come in;
Once more he knocks, oh! hear his voice,
And you shall in his love rejoice;
The bars remove, the door throw wide,
And bid him in your heart abide:
On earth be Christ your welcome guest,
In heaven with him be ever blest.

EVENING HYMN. S. M. S. W.



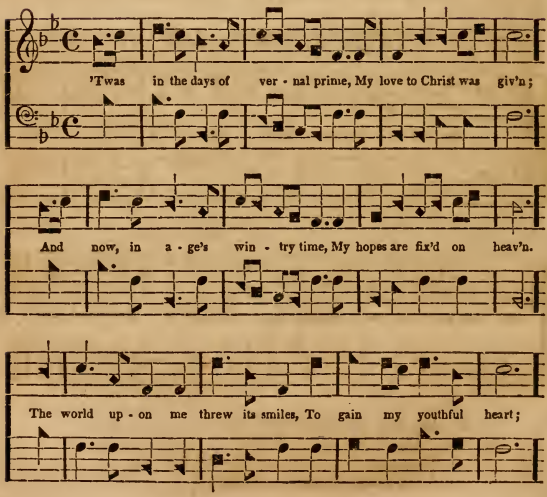
2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon unrobe us all
Of what we have possess'd.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears,
Beneath the pinions of thy love,
Till morning light appears.

4 And when we early rise,
And view the dazzling sun;
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove;
Oh may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love.

THE BETTER PART. C. M. D.


'Twas in the days of ver - nal prime, My love to Christ was giv'n;
And now, in a - ge's win - try time, My hopes are fix'd on heav'n.
The world up - on me threw its smiles, To gain my youthful heart;

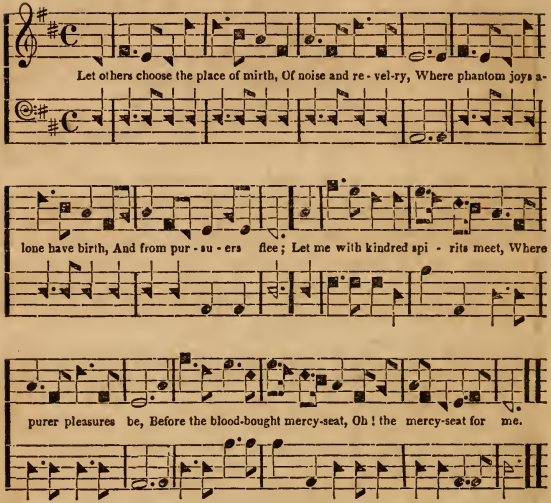
But I was saved from Sa - tan's wiles, I chose the bet - ter part.
I chose the bet - ter part, I chose the bet - ter part.
But I was saved from Satan's wiles, I chose the bet - ter part.

2 Wherever roved my pilgrim feet,
O'er mountain, plain, or sea,
Through winter's storm, and summer's heat,
His care was still with me:
His love, my solace and my stay,
Still dwelt within my heart;
My feet were kept in wisdom's way—
I chose the better part.

3 And now, my wanderings almost done,
I wait the welcome word,
To mount above the burning sun,
And meet my faithful Lord.
Oh! blessed power of saving grace,
That kept my roving heart;
It gave my hopes a resting-place:
I chose the better part.

4 That better part on me bestow'd,
No power can force from hence;
Christ is my Saviour and my God,
My soul's secure defence;
Even death itself can not remove
This treasure from my heart,
But I shall reign with Christ above,
And share that better part.

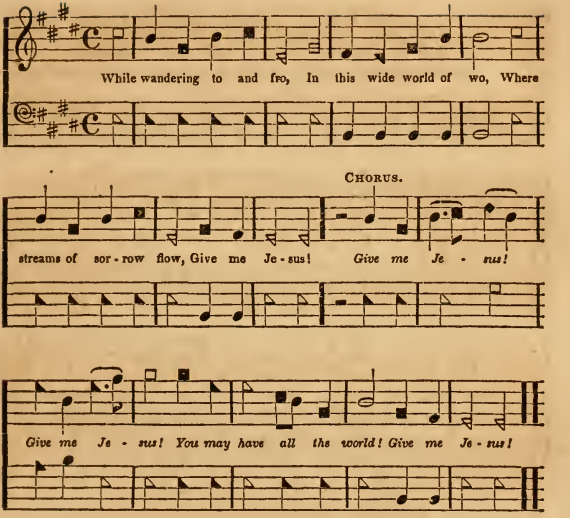
THE MERCY-SEAT FOR ME. P. M.


Let others choose the place of mirth, Of noise and re - vel-ry, Where phantom joys a-
lone have birth, And from pur - su - ers flee; Let me with kindred spi - rits meet, Where
purer pleasures be, Before the blood-bought mercy-seat, Oh! the mercy-seat for me.

2 The place of prayer to me hath charms,
Which others fail to see;
"If cares distract, or fear alarms,"
To that defence I flee;
'Tis there I every grace obtain,
For every grace is free:
Oft as I need I go again—
Oh! the mercy-seat for me.

3 While wandering through this vale of wo,
Of strife and vanity,
To this retreat I daily go,
And daily pleasures see;
Nor would I quit the throne of grace,
On earth a king to be,
For earth contains no happier place—
Oh! the mercy-seat for me.

GIVE ME JESUS. P. M.


While wandering to and fro, In this wide world of wo, Where
CHORUS.
streams of sor - row flow, Give me Je - sus! Give me Je - sus!
Give me Je - sus! You may have all the world! Give me Je - sus!

1 WHILE wandering to and fro,
In this wide world of wo,
Where streams of sorrow flow,
Give me Jesus!
Chorus.

2 When tears o'erflow mine eye,
When pressed by grief I sigh;
Still this shall be my cry,
Give me Jesus!
Chorus.

3 When to the mercy-seat
I go my Lord to meet,
My heart shall still repeat,
Give me Jesus!
Chorus.

4 And when my faith is tried,
In him will I confide,
And all the storms outride:
Give me Jesus!
Chorus.

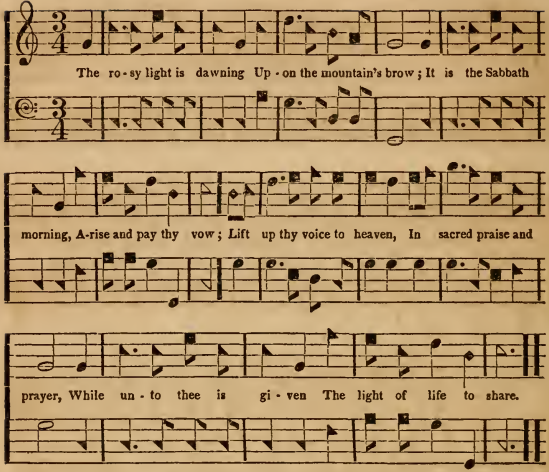
5 Though strength and friends should fail,
And foes my soul assail,
Through him I shall prevail
Give me Jesus!
Chorus.

6 And when my toils are o'er,
When nearing Jordan's shore,
I'll sing as up I soar,
Give me Jesus!
Chorus.

7 When at the judgment-seat,
I stand at Jesus' feet;
When worlds on worlds shall meet,
Give me Jesus!
Chorus.

8 When heaven and earth shall flee,
When time shall cease to be,
Through all eternity,
Give me Jesus!
Chorus.

SABBATH MORNING. P. M.* S. W.

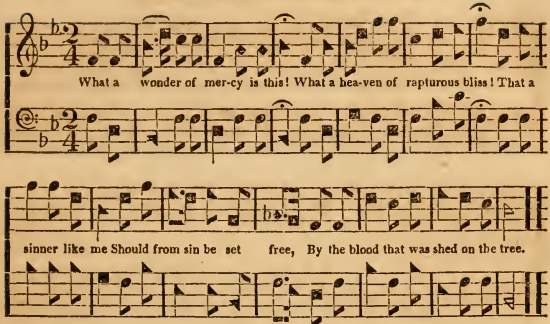

The ro - sy light is dawning Up - on the mountain's brow; It is the Sabbath
morning, A-rise and pay thy vow; Lift up thy voice to heaven, In sacred praise and
prayer, While un - to thee is gi - ven The light of life to share.

2 The landscape, lately shrouded
By evening's paler ray,
Smiles beauteous and unclouded
Before the eye of day;
So let our souls, benighted
Too long in folly's shade,
By thy kind smiles be lighted
To joys that never fade.

3 Oh! see those waters, streaming,
In crystal purity;
While earth, with verdure teeming,
Gives rapture to the eye;
Let rivers of salvation,
In larger currents flow,
Till every tribe and nation
Their healing virtues know.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 91.

THE CONVERT'S SONG. P. M.


What a wonder of mer-cy is this! What a hea-ven of rapturous bliss! That a
sinner like me Should from sin be set free, By the blood that was shed on the tree.

2 What a wand'rer from God I have been!
What a lover of folly and sin!
I have fought against love:
And with light from above,
To accomplish my ruin I strove.

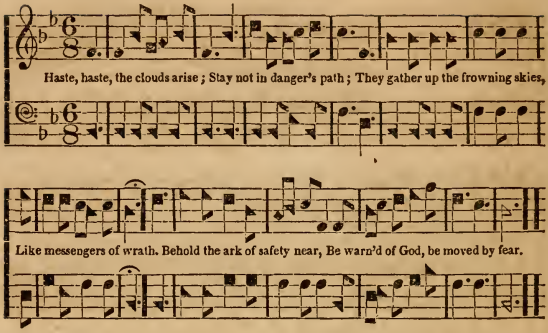
3 What a merciful Father I have!
What a Saviour almighty to save!
From my sins, as I lay
In the mire and the clay,
From the pit he hath caught me away.

4 What a Saviour, Redeemer, and King!
What a song he hath taught me to sing!
Hallelujah, I cry,
He hath set me on high;
Oh he saved me when ready to die!

5 What a joy in my bosom I feel!
What an ardour of friendship and zeal!
What a hope in my breast
Of the heavenly rest,
Which I long to enjoy with the blest.

6 What a wonder of mercy it is!
What a rapture! a heaven of bliss!
Hallelujah! again!
Hallelujah! amen!
I am saved through the Lamb that was slain.

THE ARK OF SAFETY. P. M.* S. W.


Haste, haste, the clouds arise; Stay not in danger's path; They gather up the frowning skies,
Like messengers of wrath. Behold the ark of safety near, Be warn'd of God, be moved by fear.

2 See how the lightnings leap,
Exulting thunders shout,
Rebellious man from earth to sweep,
The foes of God to rout:
The door of mercy yet is wide,
Go, sinner, in the ark abide.

3 Behold the dark'ning gloom,
The skies send out a sound,
Unthinking man, the signs of doom
Are gathering thick around;
Go, seek for safety while you may,
The ark is waiting—come away.

4 Already streams descend
Of condemnation dread;
Oh! who will thee from wrath defend?
Who screen thy guilty head?
The ark, the ark alone can save
Poor sinking souls from death's dark wave.

5 Haste, haste to seek its door,
The storm is coming fast;
To-day a refuge there secure:
To-day may be the last;
Brave not the fury of the flood,
But rest thee in the ark of God.

6 That ark will bear thee up,
O'er sin and danger's sea,
And land at last on Zion's top,
Where dangers cease to be:
Come in, bewilder'd soul, come in;
Be safe from fear, and cease to sin.

7 Here rest thee, weary soul—
Let torrents from the skies
Adown the sinking mountains roll,
Let oceans foaming rise:
The ark, the ark will pass them o'er,
And land thee safe on Canaan's shore.

SECOND PART.

1 SAFE, safe within the ark
Our weary souls we rest,
And ride o'er oceans, deep and dark,
Of joyful hope possest;
We grasp at that within the vail,
Our anchor there can never fail.

2 We quit the land of night,
Of error, sin, and wo;
And seek the climes of peace and light,
Where joys unceasing flow.
Thrice happy land! oh, were we there!
Our home with spirits blest to share.

---

* See "Speed the Temperance Ship," p. 149.

3 Let clouds and tempests come,
Let waves upheaving rise,
The storms shall bear us nearer home,
Shall waft us to the skies:
A few more days of peril past,
And heaven will be our home at last.

4 Have faith and fear no ill,
Who sail with Christ your Head;
The Lord is in the vessel still;
The winds and waves he made;
He made them, and he rules them too,
And works them all for good to you.

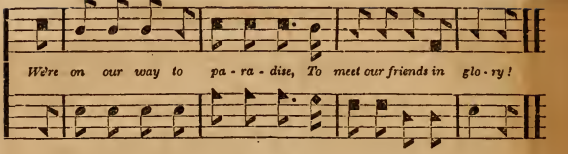
5 Though nearing Canaan's shore,
Where rocks of death uprear
Their craggy tops the billows o'er:
Be bold and never fear;
His great salvation ye shall see,
From Satan and from danger free.

6 Though on the breakers dark,
The storms your vessel strand;
The force that wrecks the mortal bark
Will throw your souls on land;
From death to endless life restored,
For ever happy with the Lord.

7 There, on that beauteous plain,
Shall meet the ransom'd throng;
And share their Saviour's glorious reign,
And sing their Saviour's song.
When that ship's company shall meet,
May we those blessed spirits greet.

MARCHING TO GLORY. P. M.

Our kindred dear to heav'n have gone, We'll meet our friends in glo - ry;
They landed safe— we'll follow on, To meet our friends in glo - ry.
CHORUS.
We're marching to glo - ry! We're marching to glo - ry!
We're marching to glo - ry! To meet our friends in glo - ry!



1 Our kindred dear to heaven have gone,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
They landed safe—we'll follow on,
To meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

2 Like us they had their cares and fears,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Like us they shed affliction's tears,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

3 They had to fight their passage through,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
But conquer'd, as we soon shall do,
And meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

4 Now they are shining bright and fair,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Victorious palms with joy they bear,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

5 Safe housed in their eternal home,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
They wait till we with songs shall come,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

6 How happy they, from sorrow free,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And such our happiness shall be,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

7 How bright the crowns their temples bear,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Like crowns for us are waiting there,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

8 What robes they wear before the throne,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Such glorious robes shall be our own,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

9 What harps of gold they all employ,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Such harps our hands shall strike with joy,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

10 What notes divine are on their tongues,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And raise with them our rapturous songs,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

11 How green the fields o'er which they rove,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And range with them those fields above,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

12 The hills and vales and groves are fair,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And live with them for ever there,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

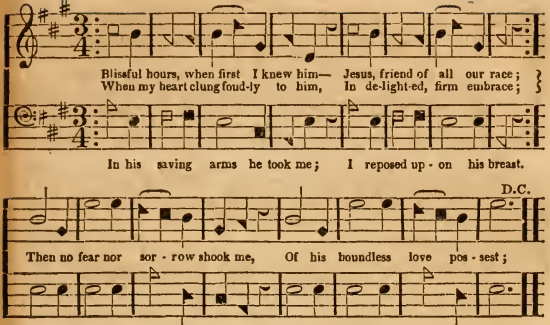
13 And oh! there dwells our one great Friend,
We'll meet that Friend in glory!
And with him endless ages spend,
We'll meet that Friend in glory!
Chorus.

14 Before us he ascended there,
We'll meet that Friend in glory!
Our heavenly mansion to prepare,
We'll meet that Friend in glory!
Chorus.

15 And now in one united band,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
We're marching forward heart and hand,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
Chorus.

16 Though rough the way 'twill soon be past,
We'll meet our friends in glory!
And share their blissful home at last,
We'll meet our friends in glory!

BLISSFUL HOURS. P. M.*


Blisful hours, when first I knew him— Jesus, friend of all our race;
When my heart clung foud-ly to him, In de-light-ed, firm embrace;
In his saving arms he took me; I reposed up - on his breast.
D.C.
Then no fear nor sor - row shook me, Of his boundless love pos - sest;

2 When the sky with morning brighten'd,
And the day came on apace,
He my rising sun enlighten'd,
All my soul with beams of grace;
Upward to my Saviour springing,
On the wings of faith I flew;
Hymns of grateful praises singing,
Neither doubt nor care I knew.

3 When the light of day was waning,
And the evening shadows fell;
On his bosom safely leaning,
I could warble, "All is well."
I was happy in his keeping,
Happy through the shades of night;
Angels watch'd around me sleeping,
And I dream'd of heavenly light.

4 When the blessed Sabbath enter'd,
With its still and holy air;
On His house my thoughts were center'd,
For I long'd to meet him there.
There I met my glorious Saviour,
There I feasted on his word;
Mine his promises and favour,
Mine the everlasting Lord.

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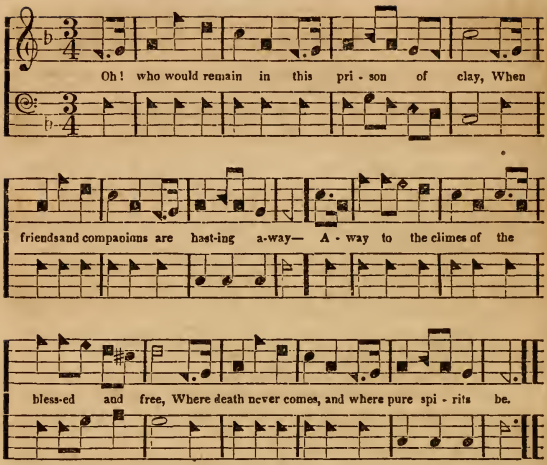
* Select Melodies, Hymn 97.

"OH! WHO WOULD REMAIN." P. M.*


Oh! who would remain in this pri - son of clay, When
friends and companions are hast-ing a-way— A - way to the climes of the
bless-ed and free, Where death never comes, and where pure spi - rits be.

2 Oh! could we but go with the friends that we love,
And taste their enjoyments in glory above;
No more would we fancy this desert below,
Where tears of deep anguish so frequently flow.

3 How many are there, in white garments array'd,
Who once with us here in this wilderness stray'd:
How happy are they, with their pilgrimage done;
As pure as the angels—as bright as the sun.

4 Methinks, in their songs, as they circle the throne,
They think of the past, and the friends they have known;
And when old companions come home to the skies,
What greetings are there, and what raptures arise!

5 Ye comrades of youth, and ye friends of ripe years,
Oh! when shall I join you? when banish my tears?
When shall the dull days of mortality cease?
Oh! when shall I live with my Saviour in peace?

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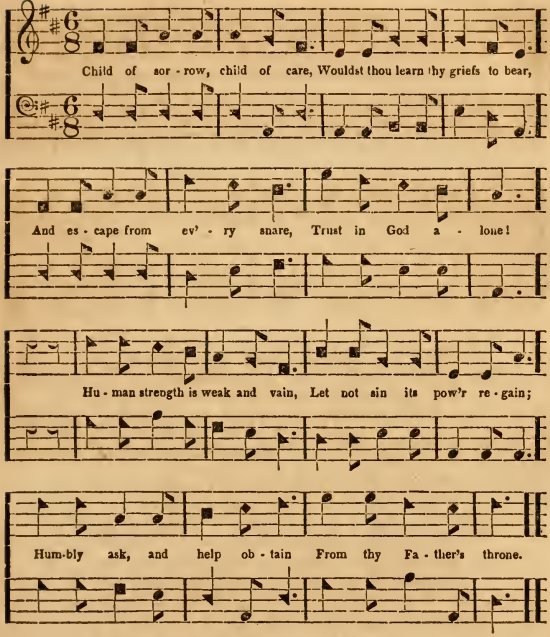
* Select Melodies, Hymns 3, 60, 62, 142, and 175.

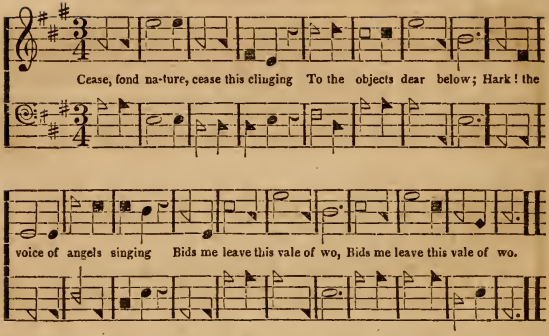
"CHILD OF SORROW." P. M.* S. W.


Child of sor - row, child of care, Wouldst thou learn thy griefs to bear,
And es - cape from ev' - ry snare, Trust in God a - lone!
Hu - man strength is weak and vain, Let not sin its pow'r re - gain;
Humbly ask, and help ob - tain From thy Fa - ther's throne.

2 Know'st thou not this vale of tears,
Gloomy doubts, distracting fears?
Painful months and sorrowing years?
'To the Saviour fly!
He that drank the bitter cup,
Bids thee in his mercy hope;
Let thy prayer be lifted up,
To the throne on high.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 124.

"CEASE, FOND NATURE." P. M.* S. W.


Cease, fond na-ture, cease this clinging To the objects dear below; Hark! the
voice of angels singing Bids me leave this vale of wo, Bids me leave this vale of wo.

2 Stream of death, I'll soon be o'er thee—
Soon I'll cross thy heaving flood:
Jesus pass'd this sea before me,
Lo! the waves are tinged with blood.

3 Blood divine! its power assuaging
Lulls the foaming sea to sleep—
Calms its surging, soothes its raging,
Holds enchain'd the mighty deep.

4 Safely will I ride its billow,
Safely reach the other shore;
Jesus' breast will be my pillow,
While I pass its dangers o'er.

5 Jesus in the vessel with me:
What can harm, or what assail?
Arms of love around, beneath me—
Screen'd from all the powers of hell.

6 Hallelujah! homeward speeding;
Friends behind, adieu, adieu:
Follow ye the Spirit's leading:
Homeward ye are tending too.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 36.

"THE HOUSE OF THE LORD." P. M.

You may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the sil - ve - ry streamlet and flow'rs of the vale;
Is the place of de - vo - tion— the house of the Lord.
But the place most de - light - ful this earth can af - ford, Is the
D.C.
place of de - vo - tion— the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn—
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

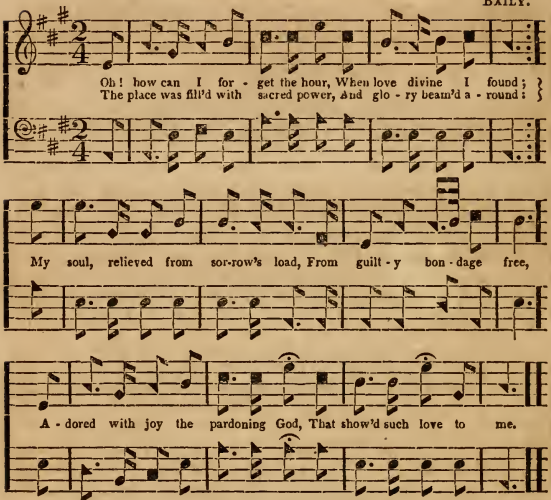
3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that oft flatter the fav'rites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss!
Take away every other, and give me but this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thy altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects reveal'd from above.

"OH! HOW CAN I FORGET THE HOUR." C. M. D

BAILY.

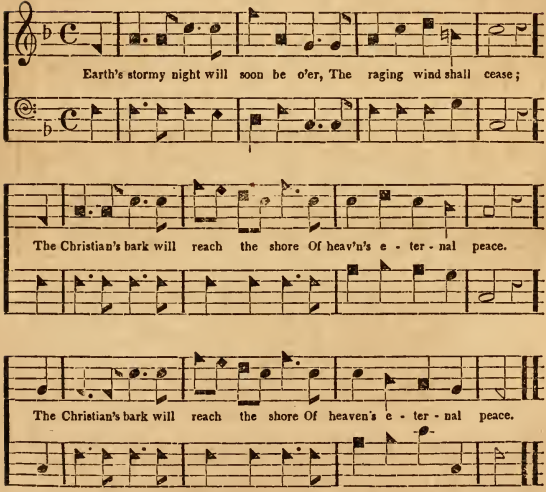

Oh! how can I for - get the hour, When love divine I found;
The place was fill'd with sacred power, And glo - ry beam'd a - round:
My soul, relieved from sor-row's load, From guilt - y bon - dage free,
A - dored with joy the pardoning God, That show'd such love to me.

2 For me, the earth and skies rejoiced
That I no more was sad;
The thirsty land with dew was moist,
The wilderness was glad;
The scenes of nature, then how bright,
My eyes rejoiced to view,
I praised the Lord with warm delight,
And thought they praised him too.

3 My darkness then to light gave place,
My guilt, to pardon free,
My rags of sin, to robes of grace,
And bonds, to liberty;
I toil'd no more, a wandering child,
In slavish, base employ,
But, safe at home, my Father smiled,
And feasted me with joy.

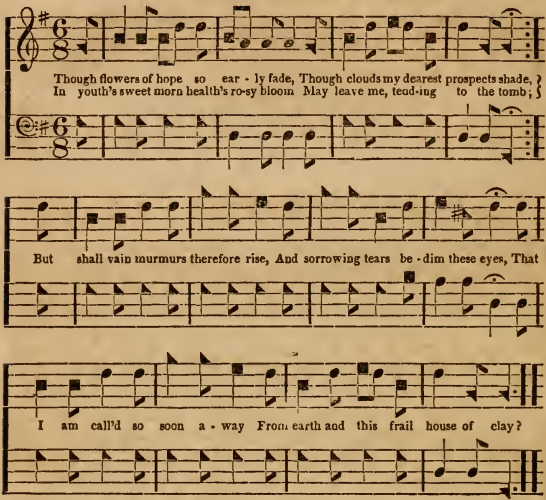
4 Nor did I then that bliss confine
Within my bounding breast;
The friends who pour'd their tears with mine,
Were sharers in the feast;
And angels on their watchful posts,
With gladness hasted round,
To tell to all the heavenly hosts,
"The long lost child is found."

"EARTH'S STORMY NIGHT." C. M. s. w.


Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The raging wind shall cease;
The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heav'n's e - ter - nal peace.
The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's e - ter - nal peace.

2 E'en now the distant rays appear,
To chase the gloom of night;
The Sun of Righteousness is near,
And terrors take their flight.

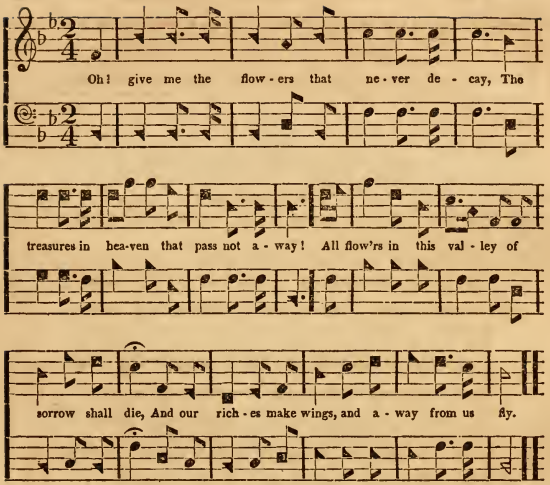
THE YOUTHFUL MINISTER'S DECLINE. L. M. D. s. w.


Though flowers of hope so ear - ly fade, Though clouds my dearest prospects shade,
In youth's sweet morn health's ro-sy bloom May leave me, tead-ing to the tomb;
But shall vain murmurs therefore rise, And sorrowing tears be - dim these eyes, That
I am call'd so soon a - way From earth and this frail house of clay?

2 'Tis true, the earth is still to me
As green as it was wont to be;
This life has not to me become
A hateful thing, or wearisome:
Still would I toil a while below,
If my great Master will'd it so;
Would live, his name to glorify,
And then, in age, contented die.

3 But my short race is swiftly run,
At noonday fades my life's bright sun;
My *labours* are already past,
And long my *sufferings* cannot last;
'Tis well:—some future danger lies
Conceal'd from these unseeing eyes,
And heaven, in mercy, calls me home,
To save me from the ill to come.

TRUE RICHES. P. M.* S. W.


Oh! give me the flow - ers that ne - ver de - cay, The
treasures in hea-ven that pass not a - way! All flow'rs in this val - ley of
sorrow shall die, And our rich - es make wings, and a - way from us fly.

2 Vain man, in the bloom of his health and his joys,
Clings fondly to earth and its perishing toys,
Forgetting that beauty will swiftly decay,
And that riches make wings and fly quickly away.

3 Go, buy thee new lands and enlarge thy estate,
And write thy proud name with the wealthy and great;
But if thou shalt fail of a treasure in heaven,
All thy wealth to the winds shall be rapidly given.

4 Go, enter the mart, where the merchant men meet;
Get rich, and retire to some rural retreat:
Ere happiness comes, comes the season to die;
Quickly then will thy riches all vanish and fly.

5 Go, sit with the mighty in purple and gold;
Thy mansions be stately, thy treasures untold;

* Select Melodies, Hymn 178.

But soon shalt thou dwell in the damp house of clay,
While thy riches make wings to themselves, and away.

6 Oh! give me the flowers that droop not nor die!
A treasure up yonder!—a home in the sky!
Where beautiful things in their beauty still stay,
And where riches ne'er fly from the blessed away.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

To the same Tune.

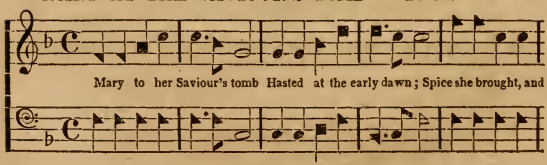
1 Though poor my condition, and low my degree,
Great joys in the land of the living I see;
One pearl of great price is the whole of my store,
I with this have enough, for I need nothing more.

2 I found it when sought for with sorrow and toil,
And joy'd when I found it as finding great spoil;
Since then I have worn it quite near to my heart,
And till death with my treasure I never will part.

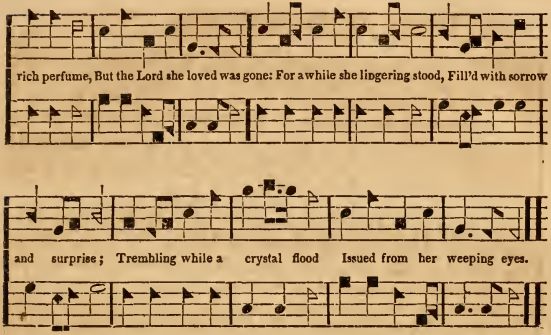
3 The world may despise me, with poverty prest;
They know not the treasure I bear in my breast—
The earnest of riches kept for me in heaven,
Soon the world for this pearl would be cheerfully given.

4 With this in my bosom, still onward I press,
To sum up my labour and finish my race:
This token will pass me, through heaven's high door,
And possessing it there, I shall need nothing more.

MARY AT THE SAVIOUR'S TOMB P. M.* s. w



* Select Melodies, Hymn 129.

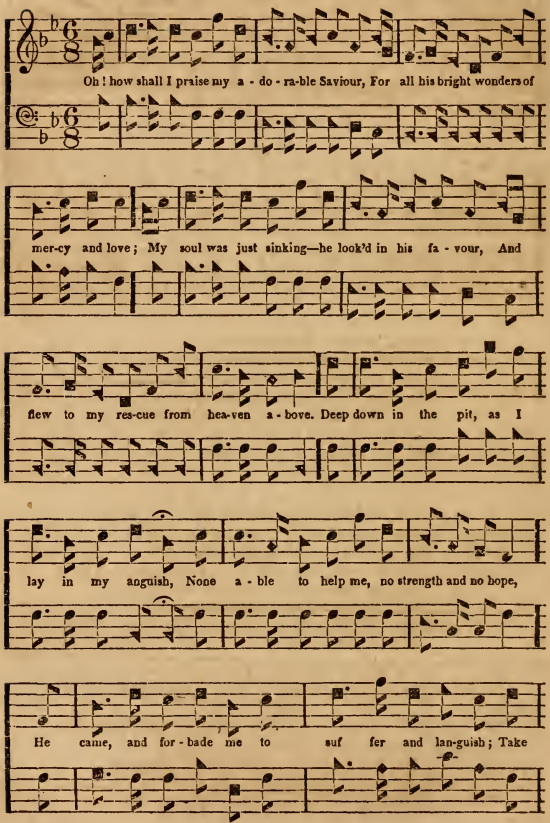

rich perfume, But the Lord she loved was gone: For a while she lingering stood, Fill'd with sorrow
and surprise; Trembling while a crystal flood Issued from her weeping eyes.

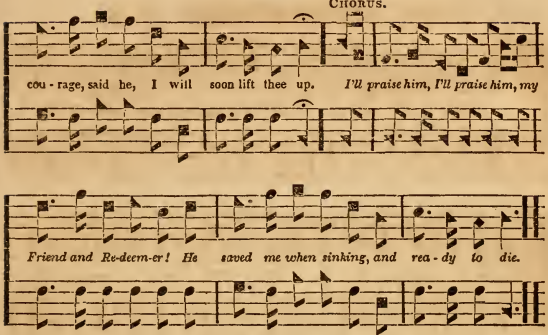
2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceived,
Came her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved;
Though at first she knew him not,
When he call'd her by her name,
She her heavy griefs forgot,
For she found him still the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice:
What a change a word can make,
Turning darkness into day;
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-tost:
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a night my last,
But with morning comes the joy.

PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER. P. M.


Oh! how shall I praise my a - do - ra-ble Saviour, For all his bright wonders of
mer-cy and love; My soul was just sinking—he look'd in his fa - vour, And
flew to my res-cue from hea-ven a - bove. Deep down in the pit, as I
lay in my anguish, None a - ble to help me, no strength and no hope,
He came, and for - bade me to suf fer and lan-guish; Take


Chorus.
cou - rage, said he, I will soon lift thee up. I'll praise him, I'll praise him, my
Friend and Re-deem-er! He saved me when sinking, and rea - dy to die.

1 Oh! how shall I praise my adorable Saviour!
For all his bright wonders of mercy and love;
My soul was just sinking—he look'd in his favour,
And flew to my rescue, from heaven above.
Deep down in the pit, as I lay in my anguish,
None able to help me—no strength and no hope,
He came, and forbade me to suffer and languish;
Take courage, said he, I will soon lift thee up.
Chorus.

2 He lifted me up when my heart was just fainting,
When sinking still deeper in sin's miry clay;
My soul for salvation was groaning and panting,
And oh! he bestow'd it in mercy that day!
He saved me from sin, and from him that deceived me,
And set my glad feet on the rock of his grace;
My lips shouted *glory* to him that relieved me;
My heart rose to heaven in rapture of praise.
Chorus.

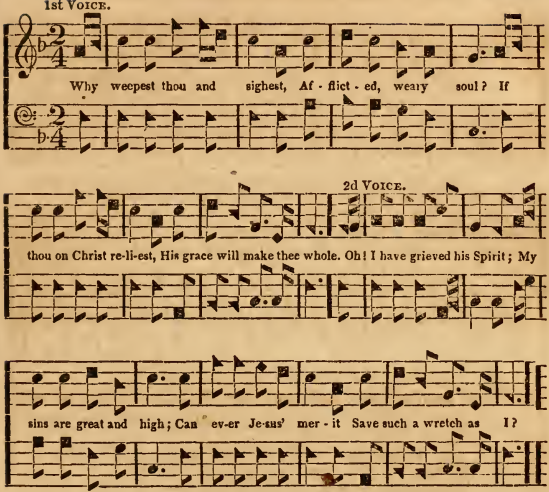
3 I thought I should die, and be banish'd for ever
From God and from glory, and all that is good;
But now I am happy in Jesus my Saviour—
Unspeakably blest through his peace-speaking blood.
I look up to heaven, and hope to inherit
Those thrice-blessed regions of beauty and love;
I claim them as mine, through my Saviour's rich merit,
And with him shall reign in his kingdom above.
Chorus.

"THE SABBATH IS COME." P. M.

The Sab - bath is come! The Sab - bath is come! The
Sabbath so peace-ful - ly flow - ing, While si-lence is throwing Its
veil o'er the earth; On man now is steal-ing, Each re - ver - ent
feel - ing Of hea - ven - ly birth, Of hea - ven - ly birth.

2 The Sabbath is come!
The Sabbath is come!
The church-bell for worship is ringing,
Delightfully bringing
The thoughts to repose;
Come, holy emotion,
Let all be devotion
Till worship shall close.

THE PENITENT'S DIALOGUE. P. M.* S. W.


1st Voice.
Why weepest thou and sighest, Af - flict - ed, weary soul? If
2d Voice.
thou on Christ re-li-est, His grace will make thee whole. Oh! I have grieved his Spirit; My
sins are great and high; Can ev-er Je-sus' mer - it Save such a wretch as I?

1st Voice.

2 His merit and his power
Can save a world like thee;
He waits this very hour,
To set the captive free.

2d Voice.

Oh! could I but go to him,
My suit I would prepare;
My sorrows I would show him,
And plead with earnest pray'r.

1st Voice.

3 Take courage, he is near thee,
He now is passing by;
Speak out and let him hear thee;
For pardoning mercy cry.

2d Voice.

Oh! I am dumb with sadness,
And blind with unbelief;
Will he not chide my madness?
Will he not mock my grief?

1st Voice.

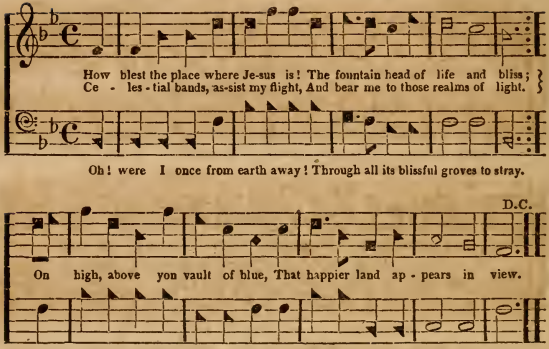
4 Lo! Jesus now invites thee,
"Come, troubled soul, to me;
No other work delights me
Like saving such as thee."

2d Voice.

And wilt thou then relieve me?
My blessed Lord, I come:
Thou wilt, thou dost receive me;
My heart shall be thy home.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 114.

"HOW BLEST THE PLACE." L. M. D. S. W.


How blest the place where Je-sus is! The fountain head of life and bliss;
Ce - les - tial bands, as-sist my flight, And bear me to those realms of light.
Oh! were I once from earth away! Through all its blissful groves to stray.
D.C.
On high, above yon vault of blue, That happier land ap - pears in view.

2 Those blissful groves, so green and fair,
Perennial fruit and blossoms bear;
And angel forms of various grade,
Enjoy their ever-peaceful shade.
The seraph tall, with ardour bright,
Beloved among the sons of light;
And cherub grave, of thoughtful mien,
Stray o'er those hills of evergreen.

3 But, oh! to my fond heart more dear,
Those whom I loved and cherished here,
In white and spotless robes, I see,
From pain and death for ever free.
Their harps of gold are tuned to sing
The triumphs of their Saviour king;
And heavenly hill, and grove, and stream,
Are vocal with the joyful theme.

4 When through the strength of saving grace
I finish my appointed race,
On that immortal, brighter plain,
I'll meet those kindred souls again.
Then speed your flight, ye passing years,
Till God shall wipe these falling tears;
And bid my exile spirit come,
To dwell in that eternal home.

"AWAKE, MY FAITH." C. M. S. W.

2 Why should I pine with grief or care,
Or yield to quaking fear;
My Father's house is bright and fair,
And he himself is near.

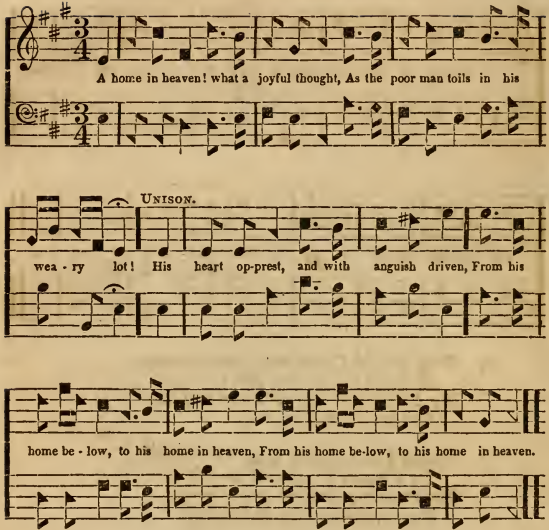
3 Onward he bids me urge with speed,
To Canaan's peaceful bounds:
His hand supplies my every need,
His sheltering arm surrounds:

4 Soon shall I see the happier day,
When, toil and sorrow gone,
I shall traverse, in bright array,
The regions round the throne.

5 Thither my friends have gone before;
They rest from labour there;
They sorrow not—they weep no more;
I long their bliss to share.

6 Oh! blessed Saviour! 'tis to thee,
This wish, this hope I owe;
On earth my great protector be,
In heaven thy glory show.

A HOME IN HEAVEN. P. M. S. W.


A home in heaven! what a joyful thought, As the poor man toils in his
UNISON.
wea - ry lot! His heart op-prest, and with anguish driven, From his
home be - low, to his home in heaven, From his home be-low, to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heaven! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home; what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven! when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid;
And strength decays, and our health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven.

4 A home in heaven! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's stroke, for its evil deeds;
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heaven! when our friends are fled
To the cheerless gloom of the mouldering dead;
We wait in hope on the promise given;
We will meet up there in our home in heaven.

6 A home in heaven! when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror-stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heaven.

7 Our home in heaven! oh, the glorious home,
And the Spirit, join'd with the bride, says "come!"
Come, seek his face, and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heaven.

VERNAL HYMN. P. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 Oh! bless the Lord! for the shining sun,
For the balmy air, and the brooks that run
Their rippling way to the briny deep,
Where the proud ships sail, and the storm clouds sweep.

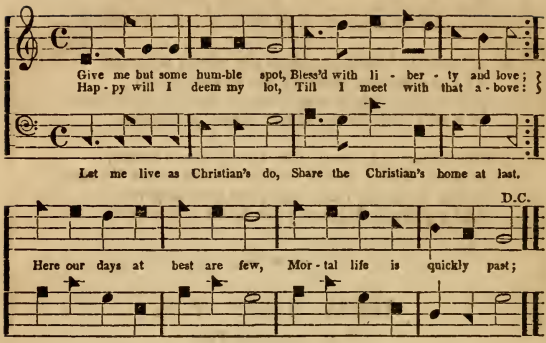
2 Oh! bless the Lord! for the cool pure fount,
For the meadows green, and the wood-clad mount;
For eve's calm sky, and her ruddy hue,
For the morn's sweet breath, and her silver dew.

3 Oh! bless the Lord! for the flowers in bloom,
For their living tints, and their high perfume;
For grass and leaves, and for each green thing,
Scatter'd round in grace, by the queen of spring.

4 Oh! bless the Lord! for the warbled strains,
Rising up in joy from the woods and plains;
They teach us love, and they teach us praise:—
Happy birds, we'll join in your wild, sweet lays.

5 Oh! bless the Lord! for the earth and sky,
And for all the stars hung around on high;
They light the way to a happier sphere,
May we sing up there when our songs end here.

RELIGIOUS CONTENTMENT. P. M.*


Give me but some hum-ble spot, Bless'd with li - ber - ty and love;
Hap - py will I deem my lot, Till I meet with that a - bove:
Let me live as Christian's do, Share the Christian's home at last.
D.C.
Here our days at best are few, Mor - tal life is quickly past;

1 Give me but some humble spot,
Blest with liberty and love;
Happy will I deem my lot,
Till I move to that above:
Here our days at best are few,
Mortal life is quickly past;
Let me live as Christians do,
Share the Christian's home at last.

2 Let me number thus my days,
Seeking wisdom from on high;
Prosecute my heavenly race,
Pressing onward to the sky.
Be my life a lengthened span,
Or my sun at noon go down,
I am still a happy man;
Heir to an immortal crown.

A FAMILY HYMN. P. M.

To the same Tune.

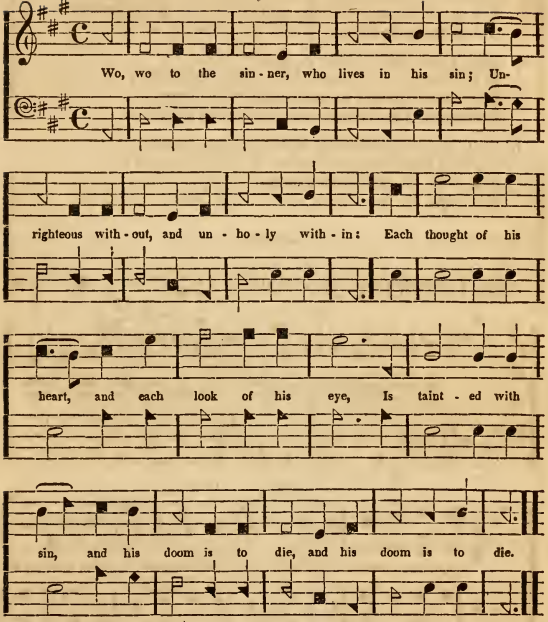
1 Happy are our days below,
Blest with competence and ease;
Richly doth the Lord bestow
Health, and friends, and inward peace.
He the fount of blessing is,
His the sweetly passing hours;
Light, and heat, and air are his,
His the dew and fruitful showers.

2 In his lofty praise we join,
Join to bless his sovereign love;
Heart, and hand, and voice combine;
Thus they praise the Lord above:
One united family,
Jointly do they bless his name;
Fainter though our voices be,
Lo! the anthem is the same.

3 When thy children gathering come
From their wandering exile here,
Give us all a happy home,
In thine own immortal sphere:
Young and old, and great and small,
Let us with thy jewels shine;
Gracious Father! give us all
Rest at last with thee and thine.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 273.

"WO, WO TO THE SINNER." P. M.*


Wo, wo to the sin - ner, who lives in his sin; Un-
righteous with - out, and un - ho - ly with - in: Each thought of his
heart, and each look of his eye, Is taint - ed with
sin, and his doom is to die, and his doom is to die.

2 Wo, wo to the sinner; his hopes, bright but vain,
Will turn to despair, and his pleasures to pain;
To whom in the day of distress will he fly?
Forsaken of God—and his doom is to die.

3 Wo, wo to the sinner; his deeds of dark night
Shall all be reveal'd by eternity's light;
Like spectres of horror shall each meet his eye;
Too late then to pray—for his doom is to die.

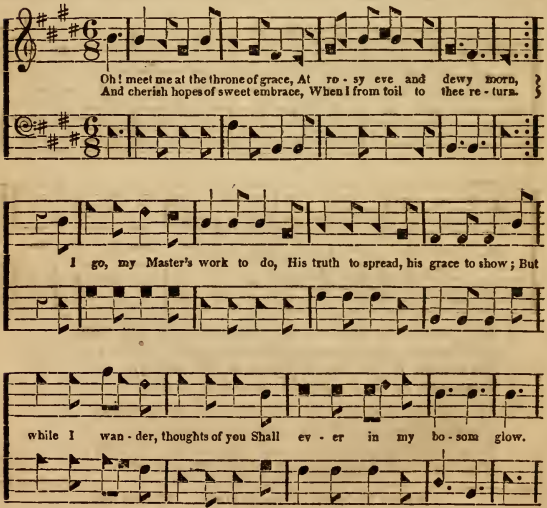
* Select Melodies, Hymns 41, 187, 188, and 298.

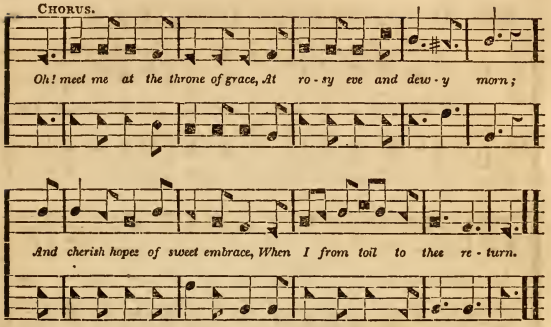
4 Wo, wo to the sinner, who lives at his ease,
Expecting long years of enjoyment and peace;
His barns he may build, and his hopes may be high,
But God hath declared that his doom is to die.

5 Wo, wo to the sinner in gaudy array,
Who feasts in profusion from day unto day;
For water, alas! soon in vain will he cry,
Tormented in flames—for his doom is to die.

6 Wo, wo to the sinner, who will not repent;
To hell shall his sin-burden'd spirit be sent;
For ever in that fearful prison to lie,
No hope for him there;—oh! his doom is to die.

THE ITINERANT HUSBAND'S ADIEU. L. M. S. W.


Oh! meet me at the throne of grace, At ro - sy eve and dewy morn,
And cherish hopes of sweet embrace, When I from toil to thee re - turn.
I go, my Master's work to do, His truth to spread, his grace to show; But
while I wan - der, thoughts of you Shall ev - er in my bo - som glow.

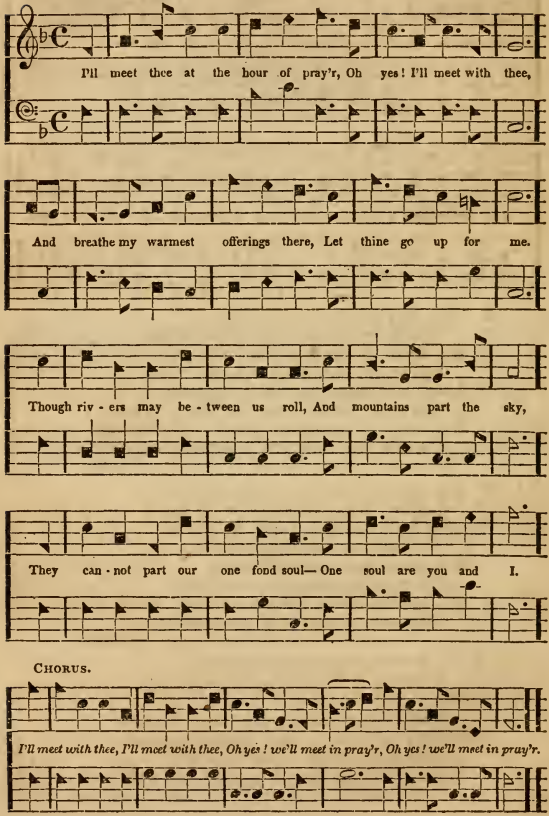

CHORUS.
Oh! meet me at the throne of grace, At ro - sy eve and dew - y morn;
And cherish hopes of sweet embrace, When I from toil to thee re - turn.

2 'Tis duty's lofty voice I hear,
And hearing, must obey the sound;
For notes of love and friendship dear
Are in the sovereign echo drown'd.
I seek not fame nor glittering gold,
Not these could tempt me hence to roam;
But, wandering sheep, stray'd from the fold,
I would to Christ and heaven bring home.
Chorus.

3 Go, stay that trusting heart on heaven,
Let not those tears too freely flow;
And pray that to our love be given
Yet other interviews below;
But if to hearts so intertwined,
His will permit a stroke severe;
If thine the fall, I'll haste to find
Thy rest in yonder happier sphere.
Chorus.

4 Or, if while roving far from thee,
In quest of Israel's wandering sheep,
Shall come my hour of destiny,
And lull me into death's cold sleep;
Then follow thou: oh! speed thy wing,
And to my spirit-mansion come,
While I from heaven's bright walls shall sing
Come home, my love, come quickly home.
Chorus.

THE ITINERANT'S WIFE'S ADIEU. C. M. D. S. W.

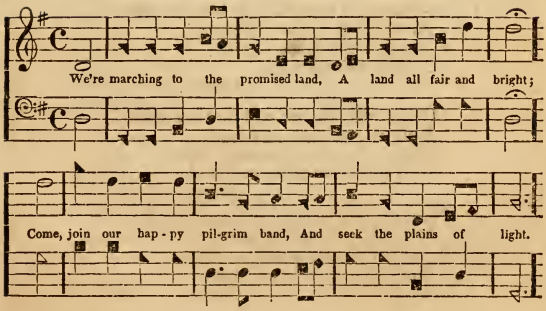

I'll meet thee at the hour of pray'r, Oh yes! I'll meet with thee,
And breathe my warmest offerings there, Let thine go up for me.
Though riv - ers may be - tween us roll, And mountains part the sky,
They can - not part our one fond soul— One soul are you and I.
CHORUS.
I'll meet with thee, I'll meet with thee, Oh yes! we'll meet in pray'r, Oh yes! we'll meet in pray'r.

2 Go, bear the word of truth abroad,
To save our wretched race;
Go, tell the rebel of his God,
And tell him of his grace:
The precious seed with tears bedew,
Nor faint the cross to bear;
But frequently thy strength renew,
By meeting me in prayer. *Chorus.*

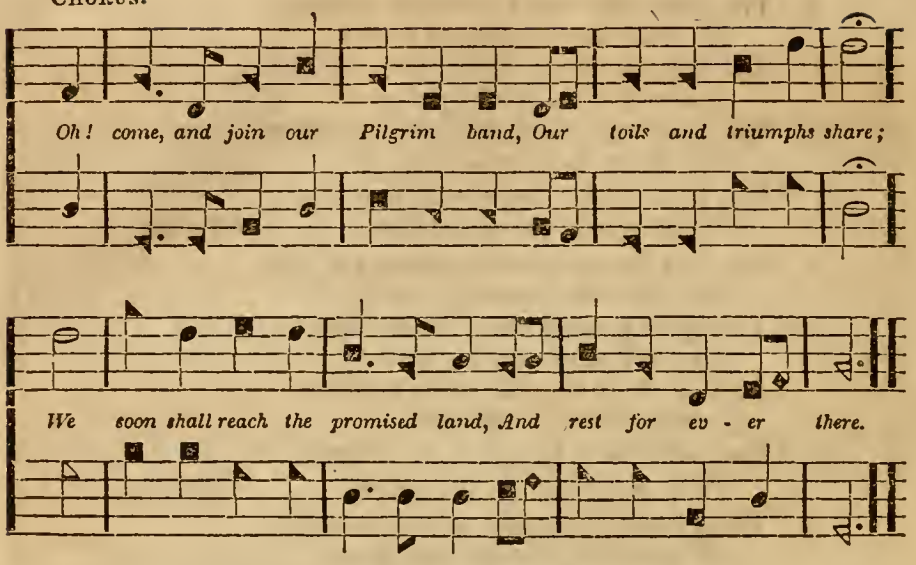
3 Go, bid the sorrowing heart be glad,
Go, dry the mourner's tears;
Tell guilty souls that Jesus bled,
To quell their guilty fears;
And as thou wander'st to and fro,
Domestic toils my care,
Each day will I rejoice to know
Thou meetest me in prayer. *Chorus.*

4 Thus sweetly bound in triple bands
Of wedlock, truth, and grace,
We cultivate Immanuel's lands,
And train our rising race.
Our daily mutual toils we share—
The harvest soon will come,
When we with mutual joy shall bear
Our sheaves rejoicing home. *Chorus.*

PILGRIM BAND. C. M.


We're marching to the promised land, A land all fair and bright;
Come, join our hap-py pil-grim band, And seek the plains of light.

CHORUS.


Oh! come, and join our Pilgrim band, Our toils and triumphs share;
We soon shall reach the promised land, And rest for ev - er there.

2 The deep red sea already cross'd,
Safe on its banks we stood;
And saw our foes—old Pharaoh's host,
Plunged in the angry flood.
Chorus.

3 The Saviour feeds his little flock;
His grace is richly given;
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.
Chorus.

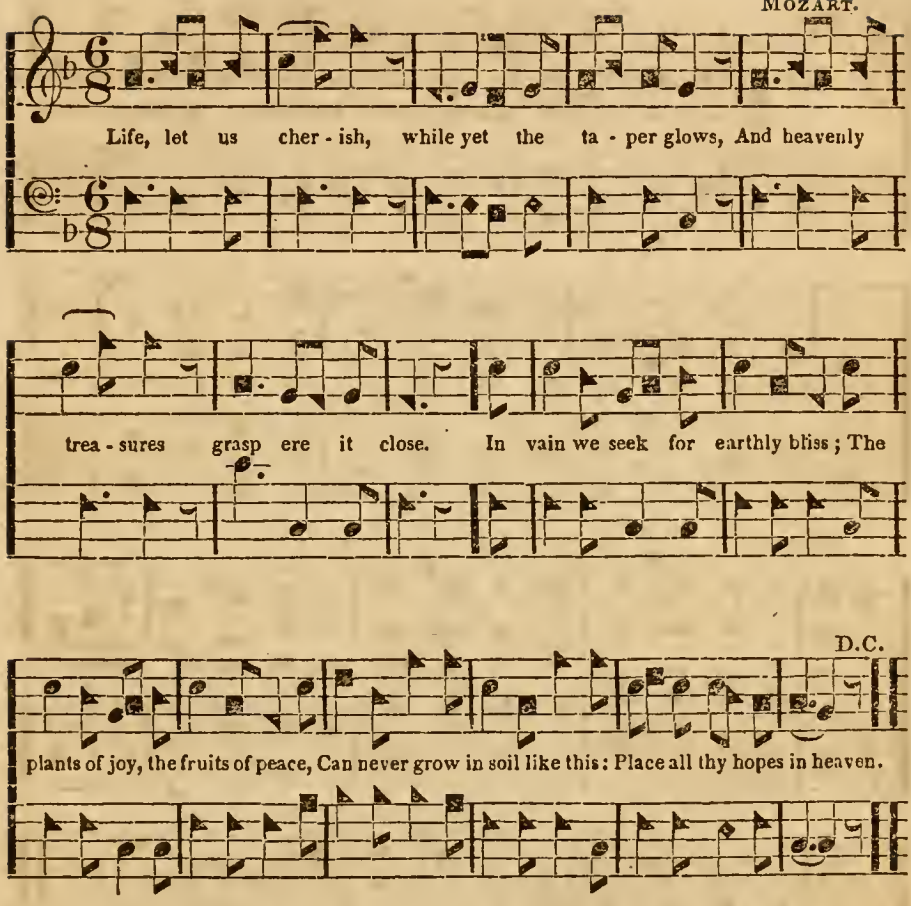
4 To Canaan's bounds he points the way,
And guides our feet aright;
A cloudy pillar leads by day,
A fiery one by night.
Chorus.

5 "Come with us, we will do thee good,"
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promised land.
Chorus.

6 There in that land no tears are shed,
No sigh escapes the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led,
And there they never part.
Chorus.

LIFE LET US CHERISH. P. M.

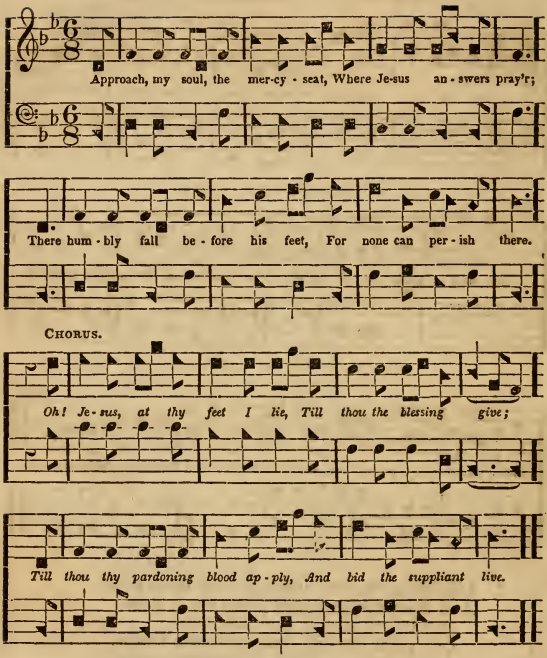
MOZART.


Life, let us cher - ish, while yet the ta - per glows, And heavenly
trea - sures grasp ere it close. In vain we seek for earthly bliss; The
D.C.
plants of joy, the fruits of peace, Can never grow in soil like this: Place all thy hopes in heaven.

2 Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.
Our hearts in vain to riches cling,
Our gems are dim, our gold hath wings,
And, when possess'd, no comfort brings:
Lay up thy wealth in heaven.

3 Life let us cherish, while yet the taper glows,
And heavenly treasures grasp ere it close.
Set not thy heart on earthly fame,
Its highest gift's an empty name,
That quickly fades or ends in shame:
True glory comes from heaven.

PENITENCE. C. M.


Approach, my soul, the mer-cy - seat, Where Je-sus an - swers pray'r;
There hum - bly fall be - fore his feet, For none can per - ish there.
CHORUS.
Oh! Je - sus, at thy feet I lie, Till thou the blessing give;
Till thou thy pardoning blood ap - ply, And bid the suppliant live.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I. *Chorus.*

3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By wars without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest. *Chorus.*

4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him thou hast died. *Chorus.*

5 Oh wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name. *Chorus.*

THE HIDING-PLACE.

To the preceding Tune.

1 SINNERS, the city where you dwell
Is doom'd to fearful wo;
Those dark, impending clouds foretell
The quick descending blow.

Chorus. *Sinners, the hiding-place is nigh,*
The Saviour calls—away;
He is your only refuge—fly;
There's danger in delay.

2 Beneath you shall the trembling ground
Quake with the wrath of God;
While all above you, and around,
Shall roll the fiery flood. *Chorus.*

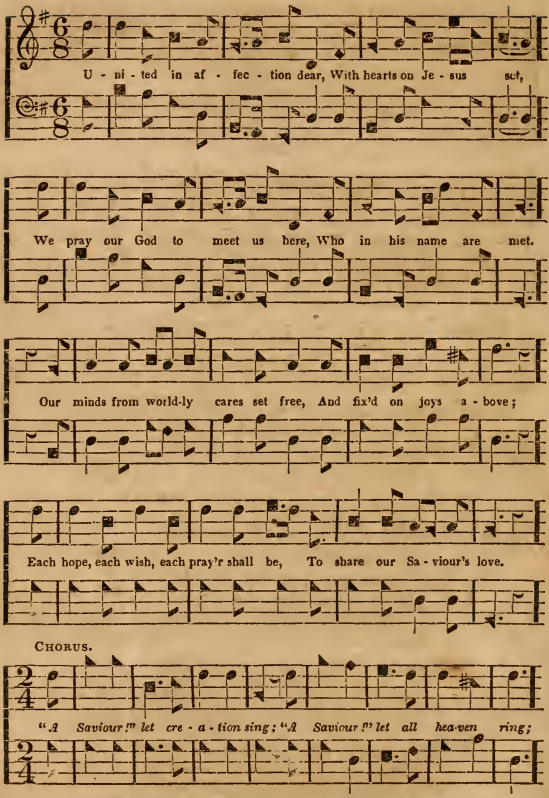
3 Haste from your revels and your mirth,
And all your carnal joys;
The day of wrath is bursting forth;
Oh! hasten to be wise. *Chorus.*

4 Fly to the mountain, quickly fly;
Nor will your flight be vain;
'Tis God's own house, and heaven is nigh;
Stay not in all the plain. *Chorus.*

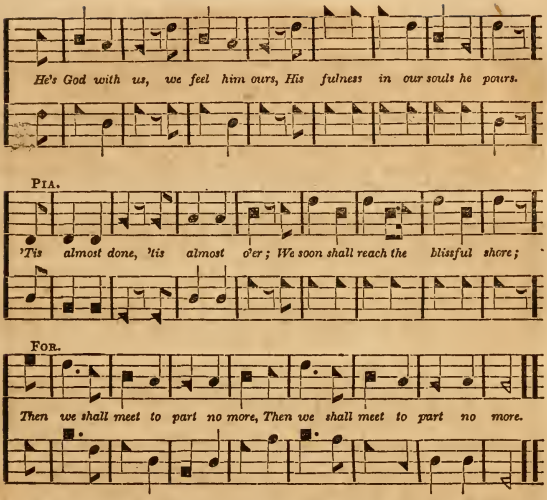
5 Angels, sweet messengers of love,
Lend them your rapid wing;
And thou, good Spirit, from above,
All needful succours bring. *Chorus.*

6 Why do you tarry, trembling souls?
Haste ere the lightning's blaze;
Fly, ere the rumbling thunder calls;
Fly to the hiding-place. *Chorus.*

LOVE-FEAST. C. M. D.*


U - ni - ted in af - fec - tion dear, With hearts on Je - sus set,
We pray our God to meet us here, Who in his name are met.
Our minds from world-ly cares set free, And fix'd on joys a - bove;
Each hope, each wish, each pray'r shall be, To share our Sa - viour's love.
CHORUS.
"A Saviour!" let cre - a - tion sing; "A Saviour!" let all hea-ven ring;

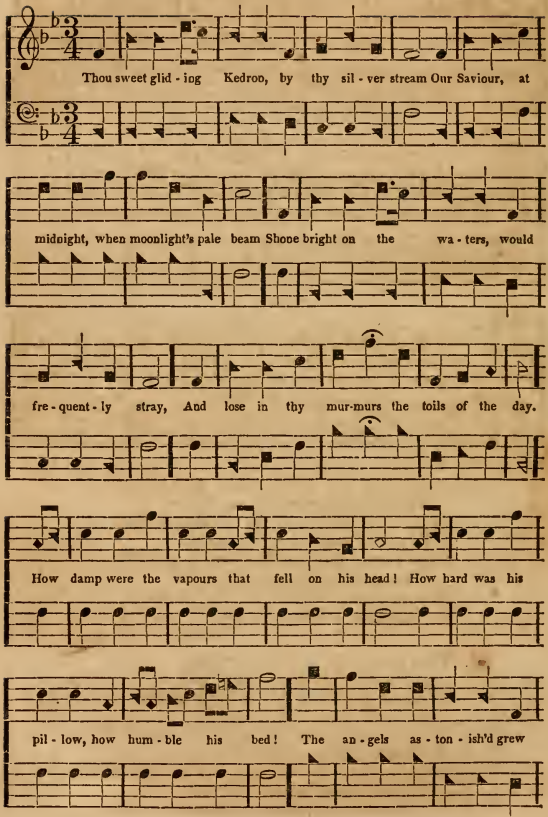
* Select Melodies, Hymn 55.

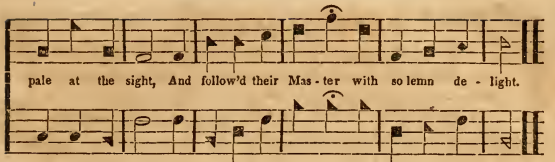

He's God with us, we feel him ours, His fulness in our souls he pours.
PIA.
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er; We soon shall reach the blissful shore;
FOR.
Then we shall meet to part no more, Then we shall meet to part no more.

2 Oh! could we, Lord, make others know
The pleasures which we feel—
What comforts from thy goodness flow,
A sinner's wounds to heal;
Soon would the heedless, vain, and gay,
That goodness strive to prove;
Forsake their sins, and seek the way
To share a Saviour's love.
Chorus.

3 If to reform their wicked ways
All gentler means should fail,
The terrors which thy power displays
Against them may prevail;
Proud sinners, humbled by thy wrath,
Shall trembling kiss the rod:
"Oh! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God."
Chorus.

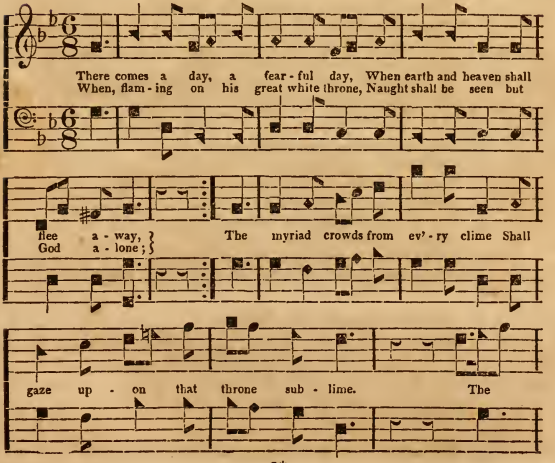
KEDRON. P. M.

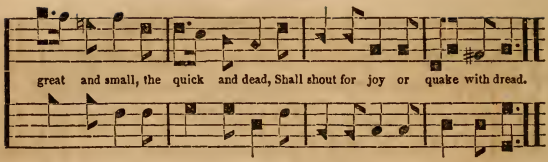

Thou sweet glid - ing Kedron, by thy sil - ver stream Our Saviour, at
midnight, when moonlight's pale beam Shone bright on the wa - ters, would
fre - quent - ly stray, And lose in thy mur-murs the toils of the day.
How damp were the vapours that fell on his head! How hard was his
pil - low, how hum - ble his bed! The an - gels as - ton - ish'd grew



2 O garden of Olives, thou dear honour'd spot,
The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot;
The theme most transporting to seraphs above,
The triumph of sorrow—the triumph of love!
Come, saints, and adore him; come, bow at his feet!
Oh! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

DAY OF WRATH. L. M. D.


There comes a day, a fear - ful day, When earth and heaven shall
When, flam - ing on his great white throne, Naught shall be seen but
flee a - way, } The myriad crowds from ev' - ry clime Shall
God a - lone; }
gaze up - on that throne sub - lime. The



1 THERE comes a day, a fearful day,
When earth and heaven shall flee away,
When, flaming on his great white throne,
Naught shall be seen but God alone:
The myriad crowds from every clime,
Shall gaze upon that throne sublime;
The great and small, the quick and dead,
Shall shout for joy or quake with dread.

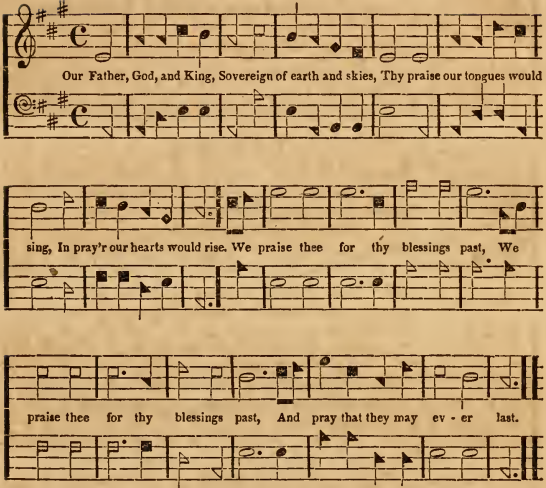
2 Oh! how shall I, a sinner born,
Lift up my head on that dread morn,
When glory, brightening to excess,
Proclaims the God of holiness?
The triune God, the lofty Lord,
Who, by his own omnific word,
Made thousand thousand worlds to be;
He speaks again; and lo! they flee.

3 When orbs on orbs affrighted fly,
In lawless terror through the sky;
When thrones and powers celestial fall,
Before the glorious ALL IN ALL;
Oh! how shall I, of baser birth,
A sinful man, a worm of earth,
Presume to meet the burning gaze,
That wraps the heavens in sheets of blaze!

4 Father Eternal! God of love!
Look down from mercy's seat above;
Through Jesus now be reconciled
To me, a wayward, wandering child:
Be thou, O Christ, my stay, my trust,
And when I moulder into dust,
And when I rise from dust again,
Be mine, my God—amen—amen.

GOD IS OUR KING. P. M.* S. W.

A Sabbath-school Fourth of July Song.

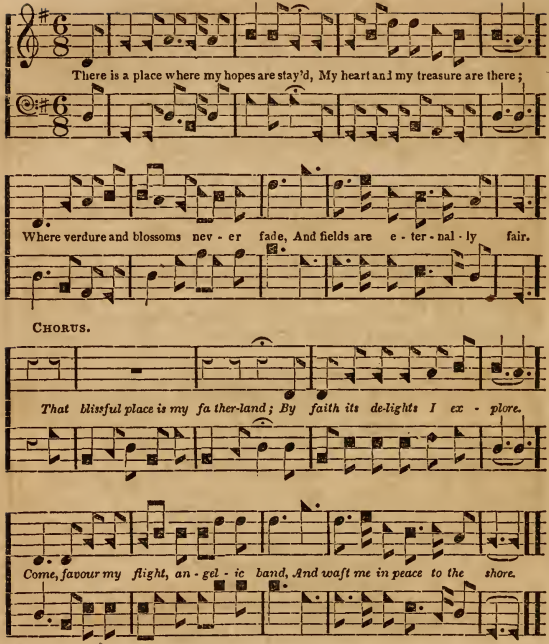

Our Father, God, and King, Sovereign of earth and skies, Thy praise our tongues would
sing, In pray'r our hearts would rise. We praise thee for thy blessings past, We
praise thee for thy blessings past, And pray that they may ev - er last.

2 Thou art our King alone—
No other King have we;
And thy beloved Son
Has died to make us free.
Whom he makes free is free indeed,
For he supplies our every need.

3 Accept our youthful lay,
The tribute which we bring;
Our hearts and voices say,
"For ever live, O King!"
Thy reign extend from sea to sea:
And all thy loyal subjects be.

* Select Melodies, Hymns 109. 111. 128, 148, 169, and 170.

FATHERLAND. P. M. S. W.


There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasure are there;
Where verdure and blossoms nev - er fade, And fields are e - ter - nal - ly fair.
CHORUS.
That blissful place is my fa ther-land; By faith its de-lights I ex - plore.
Come, favour my flight, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to the shore.

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode:
The joys of that place no tongue can tell—
But there is the palace of God. *Chorus.*

3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffer'd and worshipp'd with me;
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see. *Chorus.*

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its labours are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And then I shall sorrow no more. *Chorus.*

I'M BOUND FOR HOME. P. M.

To the same Tune.

1 I SEEK a place which is out of sight;
A city high up in the skies;
There, there is my home, all pure and bright,
And homeward my spirit still hies.

Chorus. *I'm bound for home, for my blissful home,*
The house and the city above;
And all who forsake their sins may come,
And dwell in that city of love.

2 I seek a place where they heave no sigh;
Where sorrow can never be known;
But where I shall drink from founts of joy,
That gush ever bright from the throne. *Chorus.*

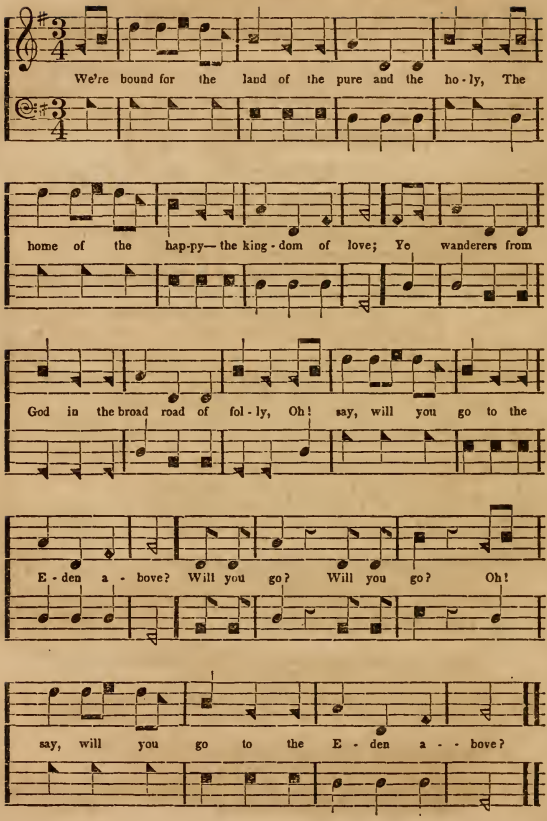
3 I seek a place where they never die;
Where beauty and youth never fade;
Where never is heard the mournful cry,
"My friend, my beloved, is dead." *Chorus.*

4 I seek a place where they sin no more;
Where Satan my foe cannot lure;
And oh! when I reach that blessed shore,
My soul is for ever secure. *Chorus.*

5 I seek a place where the patriarchs shine;
Apostles, and martyrs, and seers;
Encircled in robes of light divine,
Triumphant o'er sorrow and fears. *Chorus.*

6 I seek a place where the Saviour reigns;
That Jesus once nail'd to the tree:
He purchased that place with blood and pains,
And went to prepare it for me. *Chorus.*

THE EDEN ABOVE. P. M.


We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho-ly, The
home of the hap-py— the king-dom of love; Ye wanderers from
God in the broad road of fol-ly, Oh! say, will you go to the
E-den a-bove? Will you go? Will you go? Oh!
say, will you go to the E-den a--bove?

2 In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burden'd ones who in misery languish,
Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? &c.

3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove;
No wickedness there—not a shade of trangression,
Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? &c.

4 No poverty there;—no, the saints are all wealthy,—
The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
Nor sickness can reach them—that country is healthy;
Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? &c.

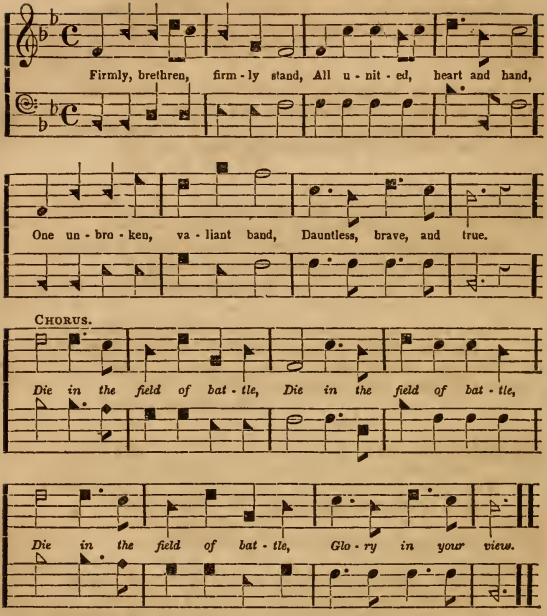
5 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all furnish'd,
Ere from this clay house he is summon'd to move;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnish'd;
Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? &c.

6 March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above;
We will go: &c.
Oh! yes, we will go to the Eden above.

7 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee,
We halt yet a moment, as onward we move;
Oh! come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above:
Will you go? &c.
Oh! say, will you go to the Eden above?

8 Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness saying,
Oh! who can this guilt from my conscience remove?
No other but Jesus; then come to him praying,
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above;
Will you go? &c.
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

FIELD OF BATTLE. P. M. S. W.


Firmly, brethren, firm - ly stand, All u - nit - ed, heart and hand,
One un - bro - ken, va - liant band, Dauntless, brave, and true.
CHORUS.
Die in the field of bat - tle, Die in the field of bat - tle,
Die in the field of bat - tle, Glo - ry in your view.

2 Lift your standard, lift it high,
Raise the Christian battle-cry,
Christ, your glorious leader nigh,
Calls aloud to you.
Chorus.

3 Once our father freemen cried,
"Victory *or* death" betide;
But with Jesus on our side,
Death *and* victory too.
Chorus.

4 There to die, the battle won,
There to fall, the warfare done,
Glory brighter than the sun,
Then our promised due.
Chorus.

5 Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
Christ hath brought us through.
Chorus.

6 Christ, our Captain's name, we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we then each at his post—
Fall as Christians do.
Chorus.

MISSIONARY SEWING SOCIETY. P. M.* s. w.

Though to a dis - tant re - gion, Our course we may not steer;
To spread that blest re - li - gion, Which prompts our meet - ing here;
Though Pro - vi - dence de - nies us The hea - vier work to do,
Our Mas - ter here em - ploys us, *We're* in his ser - vice too.

2 While fathers, sons, and brothers,
Are toiling in the field,
Their daughters, sisters, mothers,
To sloth shall never yield;
Our hands shall make their raiment,
And needful food provide,
Till every faithful claimant
Shall have his wants supplied.

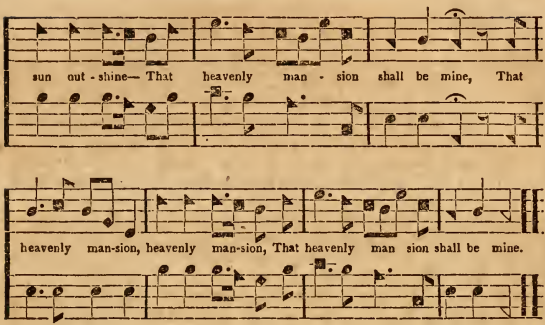
* Select Melodies, Hymn 76.

3 Our works are not redundant,—
'Tis little we can do—
The harvest is abundant,
And reapers are but few;
To aid the pious labours
Of those in darker lands,
We meet as Christian neighbours,
And ply our cheerful hands.

4 While some go forward weeping,
And scatter precious seeds,
And others now are reaping
The fruits of former deeds;
Our Father, God, direct them,
Wherever they shall roam;
Let angel bands protect them,
Till thou shalt call them home.

5 When they return with gladness,
Their sheaves around them borne,
No longer, then, in sadness,
Their sufferings we shall mourn;
What though they go before us,
Or long delay to come,
We'll join their blissful chorus,
And "shout the harvest home."

THE HEAVENLY MANSION. L. M.


sun out - shine— That heavenly man - sion shall be mine, That
heavenly man-sion, heavenly man-sion, That heavenly man sion shall be mine.

1 The heavenly home is bright and fair,
Nor death nor sighing visits there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine—
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Above the arched and starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

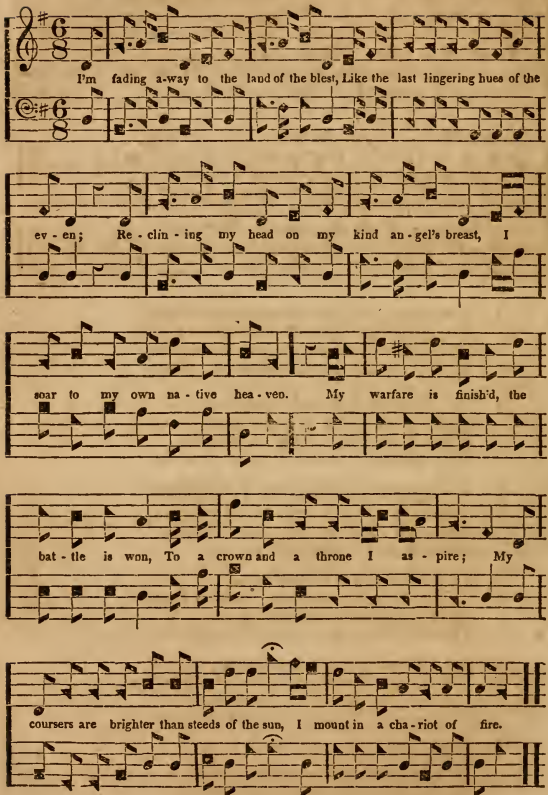
3 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
Although like Laz'rus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

4 I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp of wealth and pride of state;
My Father is a richer King—
That heavenly mansion still I sing.

5 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

6 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine;
All nature sink, and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DEATH SONG. P. M.*


I'm fading a-way to the land of the blest, Like the last lingering hues of the
ev - en; Re - clin - ing my head on my kind an - gel's breast, I
soar to my own na - tive hea - ven. My warfare is finish'd, the
bat - tle is won, To a crown and a throne I as - pire; My
coursers are brighter than steeds of the sun, I mount in a cha - riot of fire.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 220.

1 I'm fading away to the land of the blest,
Like the last lingering hues of the even;
Reclining my head on my kind angel's breast,
I soar to my own native heaven.
My warfare is finish'd, the battle is won,
To a crown and a throne I aspire;
My coursers are brighter than steeds of the sun,
I mount in a chariot of fire.

2 The world is fast sinking away from my sight,
A trifle appear all its treasures;
I see them from hence by eternity's light,—
How vanish its pomp and its pleasures!
How faint are the notes of the trumpet of fame
Rehearsing its soul-flatt'ring story!
How tarnished the lustre of each noble name!
A meteor flash is its glory!

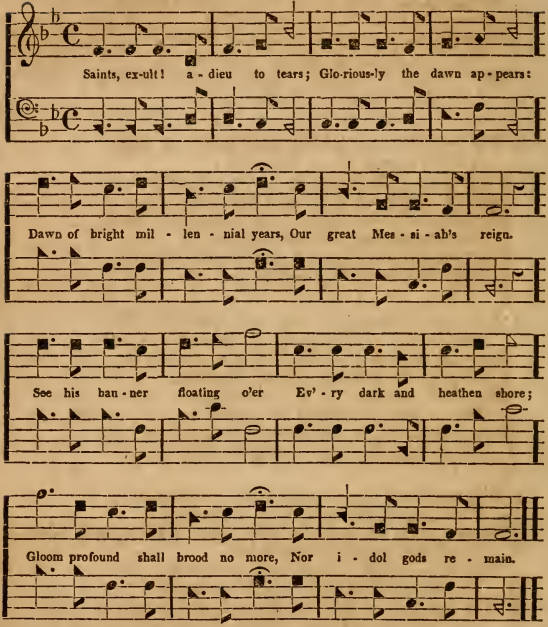
3 But there is one spot—one most beautiful spot
Which my heart lingers o'er with emotion;
Its peaceful enjoyments shall ne'er be forgot;
'Tis the place of the spirit's devotion.
I see it "outstretched in its loveliness," lie,
Like a garden of lilies and roses;
More charming to me, as it fades from the eye,
Than the valleys of Canaan to Moses.

4 Lo! upward I gaze, and the glory supreme,
That illumines the heights of elysian,
Shines down through the veil—there is life in each beam—
It renders immortal my vision.
The notes of soft melody fall on my ear;
Harmonious the cadence and measure;
'Tis the voice of the harpers on Zion I hear;
Full high swells their chorus of pleasure.

5 Lo! there are the towers of my future abode,
The city on high and eternal!
See, there is the Eden—the river of God!
And the trees ever bearing and vernal.
Haste, haste with me onward, companion and guide,
Let me join in that heavenly matin;
Fly wide ye bright gates! swiftly through them I ride,
Triumphant o'er sin, death, and Satan.

MILLENNIAL DAWN. P. M.

SCOTTISH AIR.


Saints, ex-ult! a-dieu to tears; Glo-rious-ly the dawn ap-pears:
Dawn of bright mil-len-nial years, Our great Mes-si-ah's reign.
See his ban-ner floating o'er Ev'-ry dark and heathen shore;
Gloom profound shall brood no more, Nor i-dol gods re-main.

2 Where in polar regions rise
Mountains of perpetual ice,
Beams of brightness gild the skies;
Prepare, prepare his way.
Frosts eternal own his word;
Mountains melt before the Lord;
Human hearts with joy accord
To him the victory.

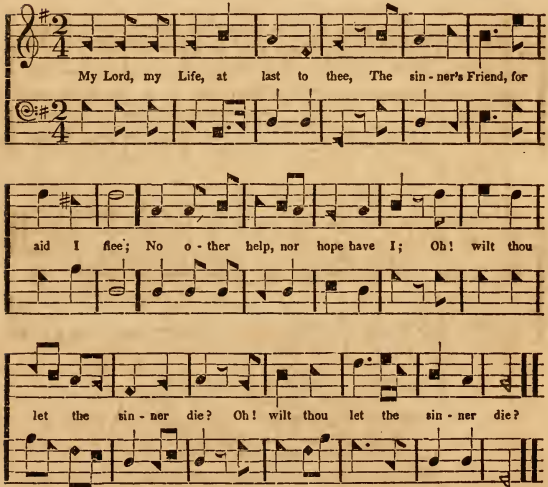
3 On the sands of torrid zone,
Shines from far his great white throne;
Ethiopia is his own;
He breaks her captive hands.
Hear the voice of wailing hush;
See the limpid fountain gush;
Thirsty crowds around it rush,
And clap their joyful hands.

4 Isles, that grace the ocean's bed,
Long in superstition dead,
Hear the voice of him who bled,
And bless the rule he bears.
Saving health from him they prove;
Grace perfumes the air above
Round them rolls a sea of love—
A paradise is theirs.

5 Ships, that o'er the billows ride,
Beat by wind and angry tide,
Safely moor,—securely glide,
On oceans deep and dark.
Howl the storm—let surges roar;
Night's black mantle shroud then o'er;
Storms and perils fright no more,
Since Christ is in the bark.

6 Hail the world's great jubilee—
Day of blood-bought liberty!
Satan bound—earth more than free—
Come forth, our choicest lays;
Pitch the blissful chorus higher;
Oh! for cloven tongues of fire,
Oh! for an immortal lyre,
To sing the reign of grace.

SUPPLICATION. L. M. S. W.


My Lord, my Life, at last to thee, The sin - ner's Friend, for
aid I flee; No o - ther help, nor hope have I; Oh! wilt thou
let the sin - ner die? Oh! wilt thou let the sin - ner die?

2 Thy name is love—to me make known
The grace for which I pant and groan;
Thou only canst that grace supply;
Oh! wilt thou let the sinner die?

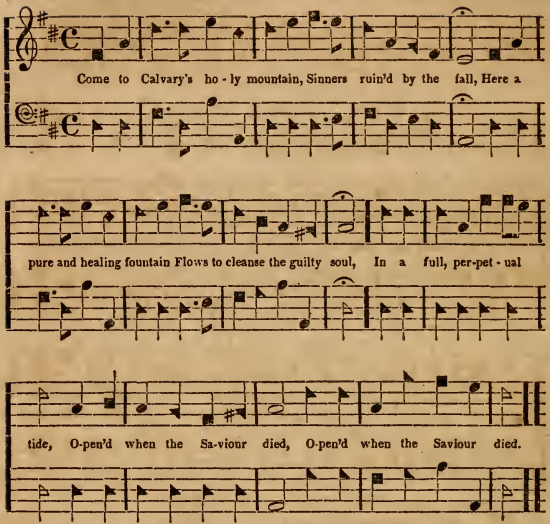
3 My guilt I own—'tis wholly mine,
The power to save is only thine;
Canst thou that saving power deny?
Oh! wilt thou let the sinner die?

4 I weep, I mourn—but how can tears
Wash out the harden'd guilt of years?
I only on thy blood rely;
Oh! wilt thou let the sinner die?

5 To save my soul didst thou not bleed?
Dost thou not live to intercede?
My Friend, my Advocate on high,
Oh! wilt thou let the sinner die?

6 Oh no, oh no—my soul shall live,
And Christ shall all the praise receive,
Shall live, his grace to testify;
Thou wilt not let the sinner die.

COME TO CALVARY. P. M.* S. W.


Come to Calvary's ho - ly mountain, Sinners ruin'd by the fall, Here a
pure and healing fountain Flows to cleanse the guilty soul, In a full, per-pet - ual
tide, O-pen'd when the Sa-viour died, O-pen'd when the Saviour died.

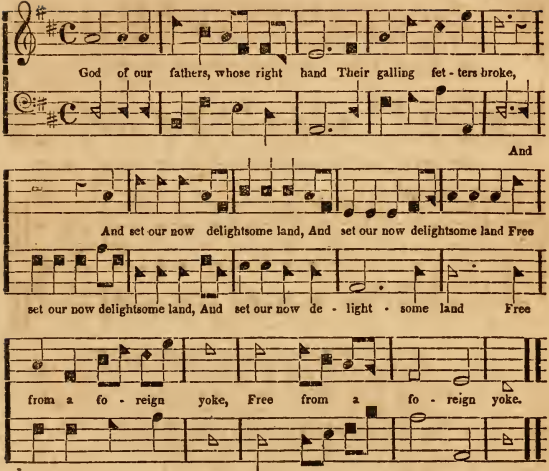
2 Come in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty seek remission,
Here the lost a refuge find;
Health this fountain will restore,
He that drinks shall thirst no more.

3 Come, ye dying, live for ever;
'Tis a soul-reviving flood:
God is faithful, he will never
Break his covenant, seal'd in blood,
Signed, when our Redeemer died,
Sealed, when he was glorified.

* Select Melodies, Hymns 159 and 216.

LAND OF LIBERTY. C. M.

SHUMWAY.


God of our fathers, whose right hand Their galling fet - ters broke,
And
And set our now delightsome land, And set our now delightsome land Free
set our now delightsome land, And set our now de - light - some land Free
from a fo - reign yoke, Free from a fo - reign yoke.

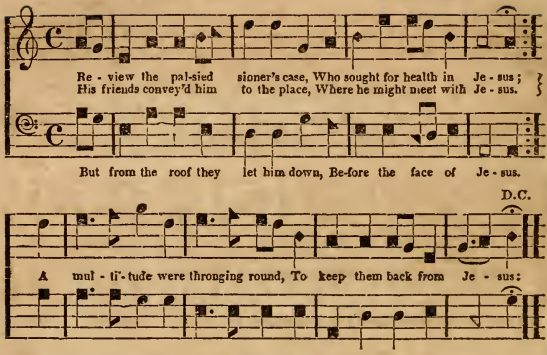
1 God of our fathers, whose right hand
Their galling fetters broke,
And set our now delightsome land
Free from a foreign yoke.

2 We thank thee for the blessings given,
Prosperity and peace,
And raise our pray'rful hearts to heaven,
That they may still increase.

3 Our warrior sires, who stood in arms,
In death's long slumbers rest,
While we, secure from war's alarms,
By their hard toils are blest.

4 We, in our own thrice blissful bow'rs,
In safety now recline:
These blessings, gracious Lord, are ours,
The praise be ever thine.

THE PARALYTIC. P. M.


Re - view the pal-sied sioner's case, Who sought for health in Je - sus;
His friends convey'd him to the place, Where he might meet with Je - sus.
But from the roof they let him down, Be-fore the face of Je - sus.
D.C.
A mul - ti-tude were thronging round, To keep them back from Je - sus:

2 Thus, brethren, help these friends of yours
To find their way to Jesus;
His grace the worst diseases cures;
Oh! help them on to Jesus.
The palsy's fearful stroke they feel:
There's none can save but Jesus;
'Tis he alone their souls can heal:
Oh! help them on to Jesus.

3 The fainting souls by sin diseased,
There's none can save but Jesus;
With more than plague or palsy seized,
Oh! help them on to Jesus.
The seeds of death are sown within,
There's none can save but Jesus;
The worst disease on earth is sin,
Oh! help them on to Jesus.

4 Oh! Saviour, hear their mournful cry,
And tell them thou art Jesus;
Oh! speak the word, or they must die,
And bid farewell to Jesus:
Now let them hear thy voice declare,
Thou all-sufficient Jesus,
That thou didst die to hear their pray'r,
And give them health in Jesus.

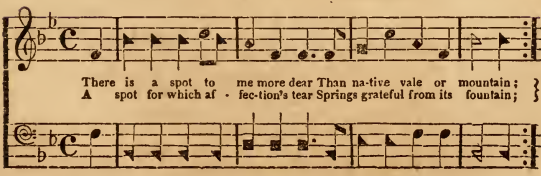
5 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

6 All glory to the dying Lamb,
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus;
His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

7 Come, brethren, help me sing his praise;
Oh! praise the name of Jesus;
And, sisters, all your voices raise;
Oh! bless the name of Jesus:
And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
The name, the name of Jesus.

THE PLACE OF CONVERSION. P. M.

Subject from J. B. TAYLOR.


There is a spot to me more dear Than na-tive vale or mountain;
A spot for which af - fec-tion's tear Springs grateful from its fountain;

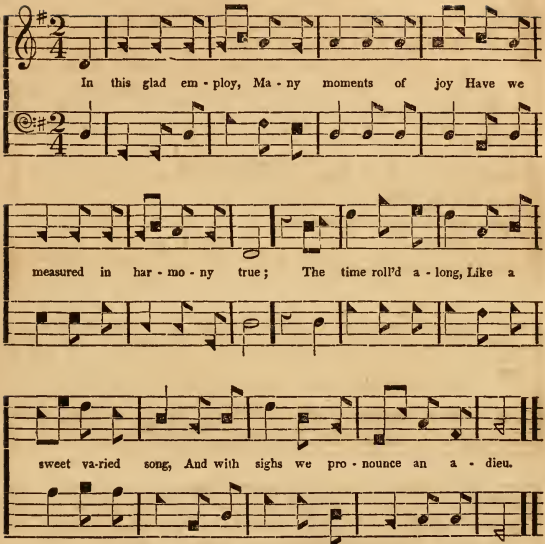
'Tis not where kindred souls abound, Though that on earth is hea - ven;
But where I first my Saviour found, And felt my sins for - giv - en.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long toss'd upon the ocean;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the wave's commotion:
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror:
In that dark hour how did my groan
Ascend for years of error!

3 Sinking, and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried, "Oh! save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, "Glory! glory!"

4 Oh, sacred hour! oh, hallow'd spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee:
And when from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven;
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

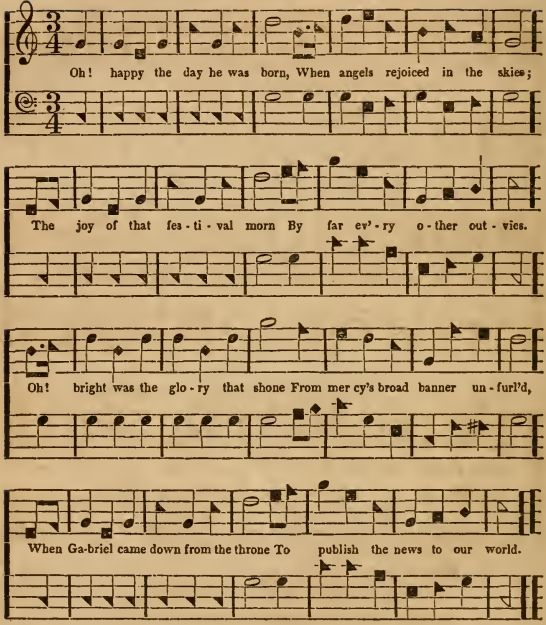
CONCERT VALEDICTORY. P. M.


In this glad em - ploy, Ma - ny moments of joy Have we
measured in har - mo - ny true; The time roll'd a - long, Like a
sweet va-ried song, And with sighs we pro - nounce an a - dieu.

1 In this glad employ,
Many moments of joy
Have we measured in harmony true;
The time roll'd along,
Like a sweet varied song,
And with sighs we pronounce an adieu.

2 Adieu:—may we meet,
For a glorious repeat,
In the church on mount Zion above;
There angels shall join
In the concert divine,
And the chorus of all shall be love.

CHRISTMAS HYMN. P. M.* S. W.

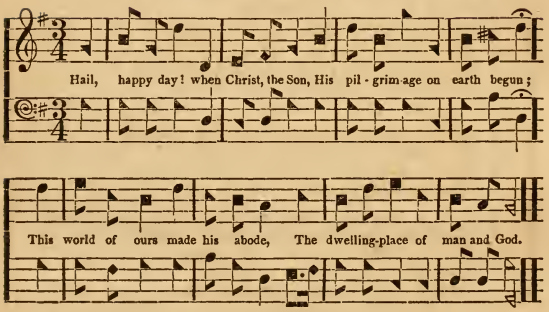

Oh! happy the day he was born, When angels rejoiced in the skies;
The joy of that fes-ti-val morn By far ev'-ry o-ther out-vies.
Oh! bright was the glo-ry that shone From mer cy's broad banner un-furl'd,
When Ga-briel came down from the throne To publish the news to our world.

2 "Lo! tidings of gladness I bring
To you, and to all upon earth;
Rejoice at the birth of your King,
The Son of the Highest hath birth;
He comes, of the prophets foretold,
Whose kingdom shall ever increase;
The son of King David of old,
The Prince, and the Author of Peace."

* Select Melodies, Hymns 53, 65, and 218.

3 Thus spake the archangel, and throngs
Of glorified spirits on high
Exulted in rapturous songs,
And fill'd with sweet music the sky.
All glory and honour be given,
To Father, and Spirit, and Son;
On earth is the kingdom of heaven,
The reign of Messiah, begun.

CHRISTMAS. L. M. S. W.


Hail, happy day! when Christ, the Son, His pil - grim-age on earth begun;
This world of ours made his abode, The dwelling-place of man and God.

2 How happy were the shepherd swains
Who heard the high angelic strains;
And greatly wondering, learnt from them
That Christ was born in Bethlehem.

3 Happy the men, whose heavenward eye
Beheld the star new-lit on high;
And hasted, with unweary feet,
David's immortal son to greet.

4 Oh! happy she, the virgin fair,
Who nursed him with a mother's care;
And, pondering o'er the mystery, press'd
Her son—her Saviour—to her breast.

5 But happier we—himself has shown—
Who see him now by faith alone:

More bless'd are they who keep his word,
Than she who bore and nursed the Lord.

6 Our willing honours then we pay,
To him whose is this festal day;
Before his feet rejoicing fall,
And crown him King and Lord of all.

A SABBATH-SCHOOL CHRISTMAS SONG. L. M.

To the preceding Air.

TEACHERS.

1 COME, children, let your voices rise
To him who stoops to hear your cries:
To-day is born your heavenly King—
Lift up your voices—children, sing.

BOYS.

2 Come, sisters, join your tuneful tongues,
Responsive to our humble songs;
Come, and your sweeter anthems bring
To praise him better—sisters, sing.

GIRLS.

3 Brothers, we come with cheerful hearts,
In this glad song to bear our parts;
Let both unite to sing his praise,
And willing honours jointly raise.

CHILDREN.

4 Our gifts of gold we cannot bring
An offering unto Zion's King:
Instruct us, teachers, how to gain
The favours of his coming reign.

TEACHERS.

5 Dear children, he whose grace you share,
Does not for such vain honours care:
Your hearts to gold, will he prefer—
Your love, to frankincense and myrrh.

ALL.

6 Saviour of all, our voices blend,
And upward to thy throne ascend,
While low our bodies humbly bow,
Oh! bless us Saviour—bless us now.

"ZION'S GLAD MORNING." P. M. S. W.

Hail to the brightness of Zi - on's glad morning! Joy to the
lands that in darkness have lain; Hush'd be the ac - cents of
sor-row and mourning, Zi - on in triumph be - gins her mild reign.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hush'd be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning!
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

THE WAY OF THE SINNER. L. M. s. w.

In er - ror's ways you vainly roam, They lead you not to peace or home;
Why will you toil and labour so, To miss of heaven, and plunge in wo?
CHORUS.
E - ter - nal wisdom cries, Haste, sin - ner, to be wise; For-
sake your sins with - out de - lay, And taste the Sa - viour's love to - day.

2 The path in which you madly tread,
With clouds and gloom is overspread;
Bestrew'd with every secret snare,
And ravenous beasts are prowling there. *Chorus.*

3 Every successive step you take,
But nears you to the burning lake:
Each day your souls in sin remain,
Bespeaks eternal years of pain. *Chorus.*

4 And what reward can Satan give,
That thus his slave, his drudge you live?
Were you his sole, his chosen heir,
Say, would you choose his throne to share? *Chorus.*

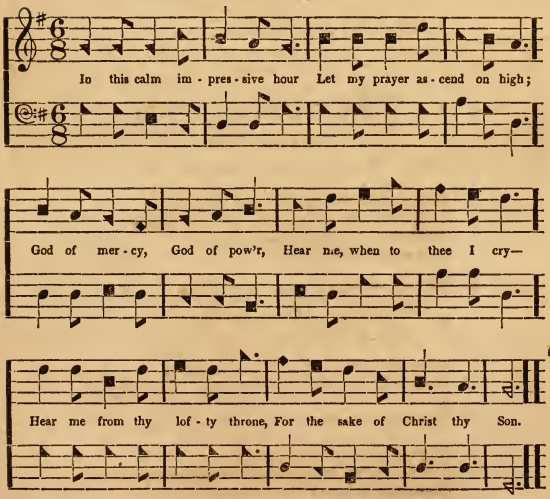
5 Would you with foulest fiends resort,
'Midst flames sulphureous hold your court,
Harassed with God's enduring ire,
The vengeance of eternal fire? *Chorus.*

6 Satan could do no more than this,
Were all his aim your only bliss;
A throne in hell! a crown of shame!
A royal couch of livid flame! *Chorus.*

7 But as the coiling serpent lies;
As gleam the tiger's burning eyes;
As springs the panther on his prey,
So Satan lurks your souls to slay. *Chorus.*

8 Not so our Master, Christ the Lord,
Bestows on us the high reward;
Eternal glory—crowns more bright
Than deck the first-born sons of light. *Chorus.*

MORNING PRAYER. P. M.* S. W.


In this calm im - pres - sive hour Let my prayer as - cend on high;
God of mer - cy, God of pow'r, Hear me, when to thee I cry—
Hear me from thy lof - ty throne, For the sake of Christ thy Son.

* Select Melodies, Hymns 190 and 227.

1 In this calm impressive hour
Let my prayer ascend on high;
God of mercy, God of pow'r,
Hear me, when to thee I cry—
Hear me from thy lofty throne,
For the sake of Christ thy Son.

2 With this morning's early ray,
While the shades of night depart,
Let thy beams of light convey
Joy and gladness to my heart:
Now o'er all my steps preside,
And for all my wants provide.

3 Oh! what joy that word affords,
"Thou shalt reign o'er all the earth;"
King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Send thy gospel-heralds forth:
Now begin thy boundless sway,
Usher in the glorious day.

EVENING PRAYER. P. M.

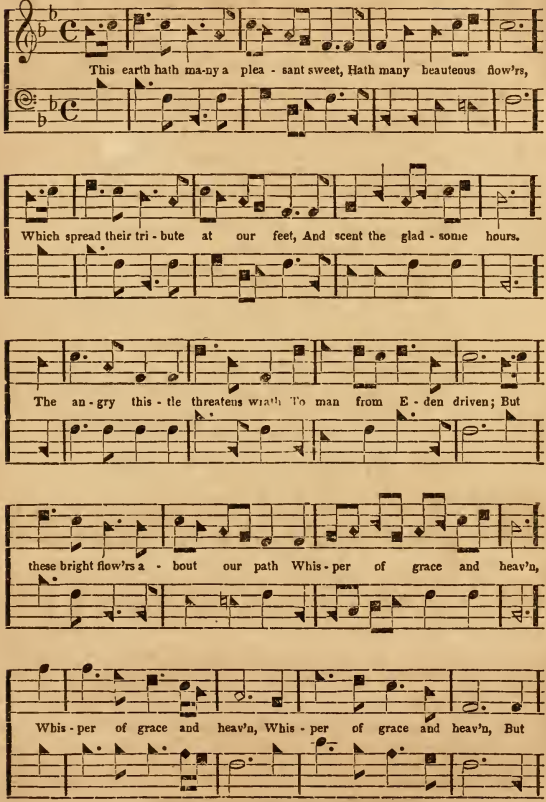
To the same Tune.

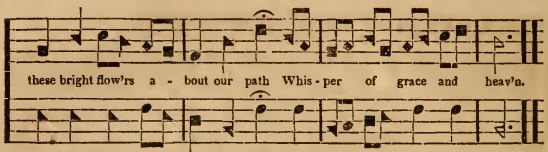
1 Now from labour and from care
Evening shades have set me free;
In the work of praise and prayer,
Lord, I would converse with thee:
Oh! behold me from above,
Fill me with a Saviour's love.

2 Sin and sorrow, guilt and wo,
Wither all my earthly joys;
Naught can charm me here below
But my Saviour's melting voice:
Lord, forgive; thy grace restore;
Make me thine for evermore.

3 For the blessings of this day,
For the mercies of this hour,
For the gospel's cheering ray,
For the Spirit's quick'ning pow'r,
Grateful notes to thee I raise,
Oh! accept my song of praise.

THE FLOWERS OF EARTH AND HEAVEN. C. M. D.

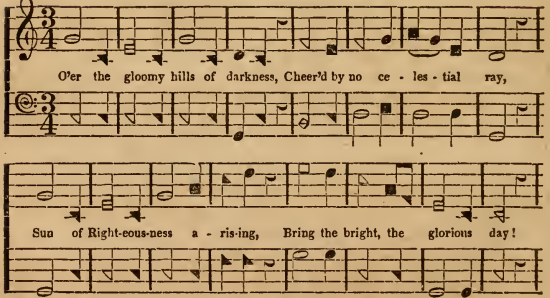

This earth hath ma-ny a plea - sant sweet, Hath many beauteous flow'rs,
Which spread their tri - bute at our feet, And scent the glad - some hours.
The an - gry this - tle threatens wrath To man from E - den driven; But
these bright flow'rs a - bout our path Whis - per of grace and heav'n,
Whis - per of grace and heav'n, Whis - per of grace and heav'n, But



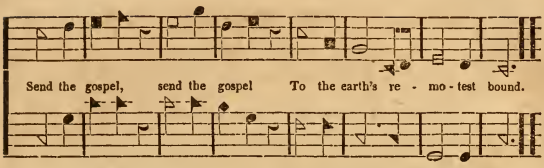
2 They tell us of our Father's love,
Our Father's bounteous care;
And point us to that land above—
Unfading flow'rs are there.
The flow'rs of earth but bloom to die,
And lose their rich perfume;
But those sweet flow'rs beyond the sky
For evermore shall bloom.

3 O! give us, Lord, a cheerful mind,
To joy in all thy ways;
That we in every flow'r may find
Some grateful song of praise.
That as to heaven the moments flee,
Their record there to trace,
Thine own pure eyes well-pleased may see,
In us, the flow'rs of grace.

"O'ER THE GLOOMY HILLS." P. M.*


O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, Cheer'd by no ce - les - tial ray,
Sun of Right-eous-ness a - ris-ing, Bring the bright, the glorious day!

* Select Melodies, Hymns 180 and 181.



2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel;
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting, wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour, all the world around.

THE PROMISED SPIRIT.

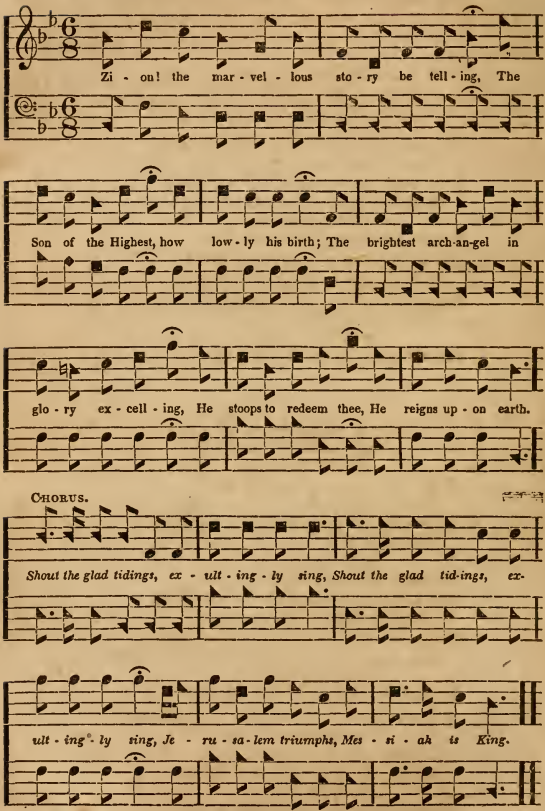
To the preceding Tune.

1 Who but thou, Almighty Spirit,
Can the heathen world reclaim?
Men may preach, but till thou favour,
Heathens will be still the same:
Mighty Spirit!
Witness to the Saviour's name.

2 Thou hast promised by the prophets
Glorious light in latter days:
Come, and bless bewilder'd nations,
Change our prayers and tears to praise;
Promised Spirit!
Round the world diffuse thy rays.

3 All our hopes, and prayers, and labours,
Must be vain without thine aid:
But thou wilt not disappoint us—
All is true that thou hast said:
Faithful Spirit!
O'er the world thy influence shed.

"SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS." P. M. S. W.


Zi - on! the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The
Son of the Highest, how low - ly his birth; The brightest arch-an-gel in
glo - ry ex - cell - ing, He stoops to redeem thee, He reigns up - on earth.
Chorus.
Shout the glad tidings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Shout the glad tid-ings, ex-
ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
His people with joy everlasting are crown'd.
Chorus.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosannahs arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.
Chorus.

THE LORD IS RISEN. P. M.* S. W.

Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Sons of men and an-gels say;
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Sing, ye heavens, and earth re - ply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

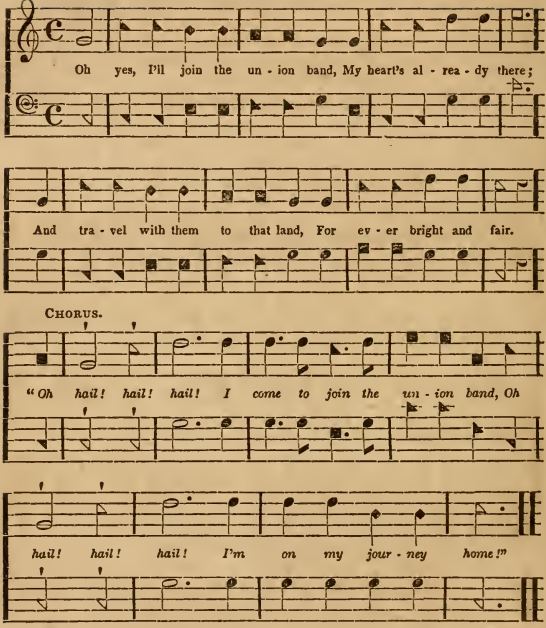
3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ has opened Paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

* Select Melodies, Hymns 102, 113, 160, and 171.

THE UNION BAND. C. M.

On joining the Church.


Oh yes, I'll join the un - ion band, My heart's al - rea - dy there;
And tra - vel with them to that land, For ev - er bright and fair.
CHORUS.
"Oh hail! hail! hail! I come to join the un - ion band, Oh
hail! hail! hail! I'm on my jour - ney home!"

2 I'm tired of sin and sinful mirth,
And senseless frantic joys;
How empty all the things of earth!
At best but gaudy toys. *Chorus.*

3 I'll join the band whose hearts are one
In grief, and joy, and love;
Whose hopes mount up and seize the throne
Reserved for them above. *Chorus.*

4 They freely weep with those who weep,
And joy with those who joy;
A common fund of love they keep,
Which yields them sigh for sigh. *Chorus.*

5 Oh yes, I'll join that union band,
I come, my friends, I come;
Here is my willing heart and hand,
To travel with you home. *Chorus.*

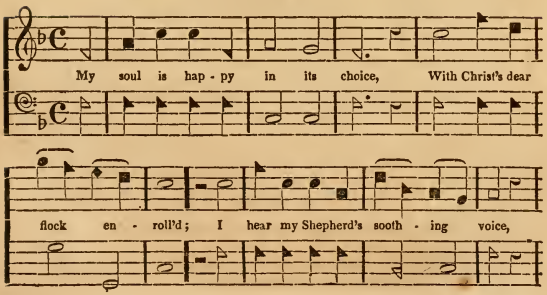
6 I'd rather by your threshold stay,
A porter at your door,
Than live in mansions great and gay,
And be as heretofore. *Chorus.*

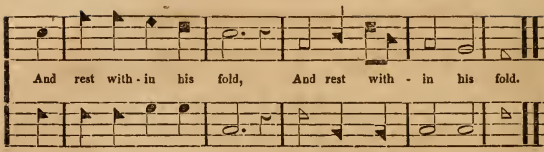
7 One day in such a place is worth
A thousand other days:
'Tis here I date my second birth—
My soul's own native place. *Chorus.*

8 'Tis here my better friends I meet—
Friends of my heart and soul:
With them in heavenly places sit—
With them my name enrol. *Chorus.*

9 There, in the register of love,
For ever let it stand,
Until transcribed to that above,
With Christ's own wounded hand. *Chorus.*

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP. C. M. S. W.





1 My soul is happy in its choice,
With Christ's dear flock enroll'd;
I hear my Shepherd's soothing voice,
And rest within his fold.

2 He leads me through the pastures sweet
Beside the flowing rills,
And all my longing wishes meets,
And all my spirit fills.

3 Daily I find his love the same,
And run at his command;
He knows and calls me by my name,
And guides me with his hand.

4 Had I but dream'd how great the joys
Of those who Jesus know,
I should have made his love my choice,
And sought him years ago.

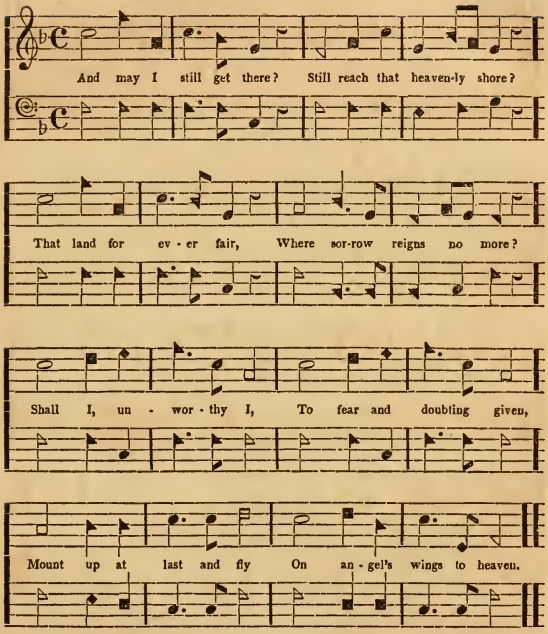
5 But vainly, madly did I stray,
A stranger to his grace,
Far from the fold—from bliss away,
In sin's wide wilderness.

6 When round me wolves with fury strove,
The wanderer to destroy,
My Shepherd ran with haste and love,
And brought me home with joy.

7 Now safe return'd, my wanderings past,
My soul adores his charms,
Who laid me on his pitying breast,
And shields me with his arms.

8 Redeemer—Shepherd—guard my soul
From every future ill:
While storms without and thunders roll,
Be mine, my Saviour, still.

TRIUMPH OVER DESPONDENCY. P. M.

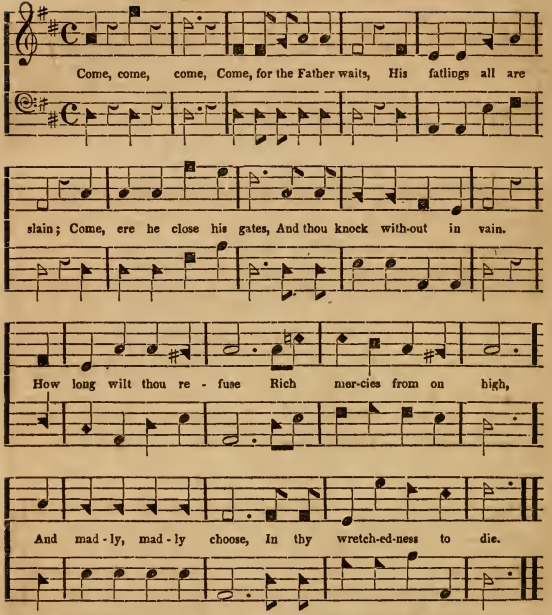

And may I still get there? Still reach that heaven-ly shore?
That land for ev - er fair, Where sor-row reigns no more?
Shall I, un - wor - thy I, To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last and fly On an - gel's wings to heaven.

2 My soul has been a prey
To guilt and dark despair;
Can God, I used to say,
Hear such a sinner's pray'r?
Or must I groan and weep,
Unheard by him on high,
And sink to torments deep,
For ever there to die?

3 How often have I fear'd
I ne'er should see bright heaven,
But when the Lord appear'd
Should from his face be driven;
Should from the holy part,
Should bid my friends farewell,
And seek, with quivering heart,
My fitting home in hell.

4 Hail, love divine and pure!
Hail, mercy from the skies!
My hopes are now secure,
Upborne by faith I rise:
I part with earth and sin,
And shout the dangers past;
My Saviour takes me in,
And I am his at last.

EXHORTATION. P. M.*


Come, come, come, Come, for the Father waits, His fatlings all are
slain; Come, ere he close his gates, And thou knock with-out in vain.
How long wilt thou re - fuse Rich mer-cies from on high,
And mad - ly, mad - ly choose, In thy wretch-ed-ness to die.

2 Come, for the Saviour stands
To plead thy guilty cause;
And spreads for thee his hands,
As he spread them on the cross:
His grace will Jesus give,
His saving help is nigh:
Come unto him and live,
And thou nevermore shalt die.

3 Come, for the Spirit pleads—
Pleads with thee to return;
Forsake thy evil deeds,
And for all thy follies mourn:
Grieve not that friend divine;
Pass not his proffers by;
He *is* thy friend, even thine,
And he would not have thee die.

4 Come, and the angel strain
From thousand harps shall sound,
"The dead one lives again,
And the long lost child is found:"
Loud are the songs of heaven,
Great raptures are on high,
When sinners are forgiven,
And they live no more to die.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 297.

"DARK WAS THAT DAY." P. M.* s. w.

Dark was that day in na - ture, When Christ was cru - ci - fied;
When he, the world's Cre - a - tor, For guil - ty creatures died:
The loy - al sun, as - ton - ish'd, Re - fused to see the sight;
And man, in grief, ad - mon - ish'd, By shut - ting up his light.

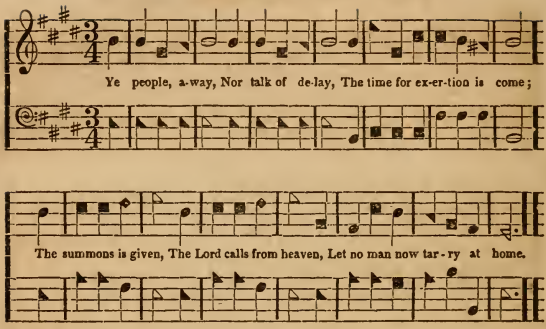
2 Oh! who shall tell the story
Of our Redeemer's woes?
Who tell the heights of glory
His death on us bestows?
Three hours of pain excessive,
In patient grief he hung;
And bore our load oppressive,
Atoning for our wrong.

3 As shone the sun in splendour,
When three dark hours were run,
So Christ arose in grandeur,
When three dark days were gone:
When death's cold cup was tasted,
When from the tomb he rose,
To heaven with joy he hasted,
Victorious o'er our foes.

4 Lo! there he lives for ever
No more to suffer pain:
Our own almighty Saviour
For evermore doth reign:
For *us* he reigns victorious,
Expecting till we come
To share his mansion glorious—
Our everlasting home.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 135.

"YE PEOPLE, AWAY." P. M.


Ye people, a-way, Nor talk of de-lay, The time for ex-er-tion is come;
The summons is given, The Lord calls from heaven, Let no man now tar-ry at home.

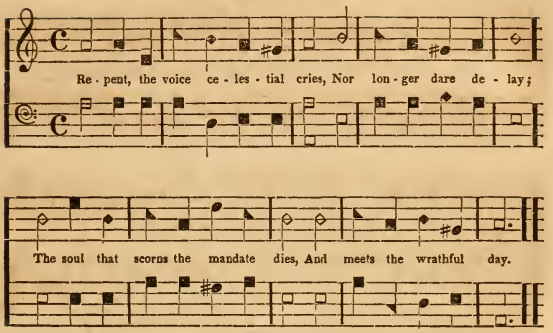
1 Ye people, away,
Nor talk of delay,
The time for exertion is come;
The summons is given,
The Lord calls from heaven,
Let no man now tarry at home.

2 The Lord in his might,
Is gone to the fight,
And if we should shrink from the toil,
The day will be won,
The work will be done,
And others will gather the spoil.

3 And should we decline,
His standard to join,
Our slackness will meet its reward;
A wo they will find,
Who tarry behind,
Nor go "to the help of the Lord."

4 Then cast off delay,
"To arms," and away;
To arms—'tis the Lord gives the word:
With sword and with shield,
Away to the field;
Away "to the help of the Lord."

A CALL TO REPENTANCE. C. M.



1 REPENT, the voice celestial cries,
Nor longer dare delay;
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets the wrathful day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad,
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinner! in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess;
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

4 Soon will the awful trumpet sound,
And call you to his bar;
For mercy knows th' appointed bound,
And yields to vengeance there.

5 Oh! hear the Saviour's gracious call,
While he prolongs your days;
Now yield your hearts, and prostrate fall,
And weep, and love, and praise.

THE LATEST CALL. P. M.* S. W.

"This may be thy la-test call, Youth repent—be-fore him fall; Ask his mercy—
fear his rod;" So he spake—the man of God, So he spake—the man of God.

2 "Often have I heard that tale,"
Sneer'd the youth, "'tis old and stale:
Often saidst thou in the past,
This may be thy last—thy last."

3 "Yet the last will surely come;
Thou art hastening to thy doom:
Seek the Lord without delay,
This may be thy latest day."

4 Turning in his scorn he went,
On his selfish pleasures bent:
Life and joy before him lay,
Promising a brighter day.

5 But that day, thus lightly pass'd,
Was to him *the last—the last—*
Never did his youthful eyes
See another morning rise.

6 Down he sat to muse awhile,
Underneath a tottering pile;
Heedless of the warning past,
Little dreaming 'twas his last.

7 Horrors seize me while I tell
How that tottering structure fell;
Lo it moves! its pillars yield—
Hapless youth! his doom is seal'd.

8 Crush'd his body—lost his soul—
O'er it waves of anguish roll—
Summer ended—harvest past—
Oh! that warning!—'twas his last.

GRACE SLIGHTED. P. M.

To the preceding Air.

1 "No, I cannot, cannot yet
Yield me to the Saviour's call;
All my sinful joys forget,
At his feet for mercy fall."

2 So the fair one said, and turn'd
From the throne of grace away;
Soon, alas! she pray'd and mourn'd,
When too late to mourn or pray.

3 Sickness came with rapid pace—
Laid her on a bed of death;
Terror stared her in the face,
She must yield her fleeting breath.

4 "Send," she cried, "for mercy send—
Bring the man of God with speed;
Tell him I am near my end,
Tell him that his prayers I need."

5 Waken'd at the midnight hour,
To the dying couch he flew;
There was work beyond his power,
More than mortal man could do.

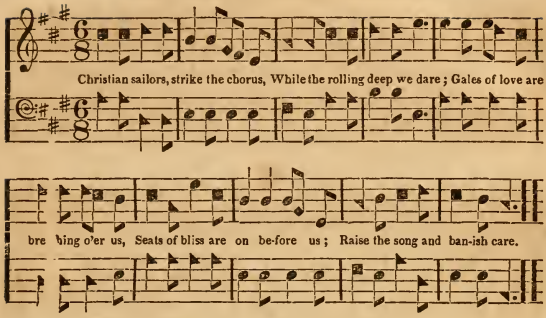
6 "Save me, save me," cried the fair,
Shriek on shriek heart-rending rose;
"Down I sink to dark despair,
Down to everlasting woes."

7 Vainly did the man of prayer
Point her to the crucified,
Vainly whisper'd in her ear,
"Christ for every sinner died."

8 "Lost," she cried, "for ever lost!
Every ray of hope has fled;
Now too late I count the cost"—
Horror follow'd—she was dead.

* Select Melodies, Hymns 9, 71, 126, and 228.

"CHRISTIAN SAILORS." P. M. s. w.


Christian sailors, strike the chorus, While the rolling deep we dare; Gales of love are
breathing o'er us, Seats of bliss are on be-fore us; Raise the song and ban-ish care.

1 CHRISTIAN sailors, strike the chorus,
While the rolling deep we dare;
Gales of love are breathing o'er us,
Seats of bliss are on before us;
Raise the song and banish care.

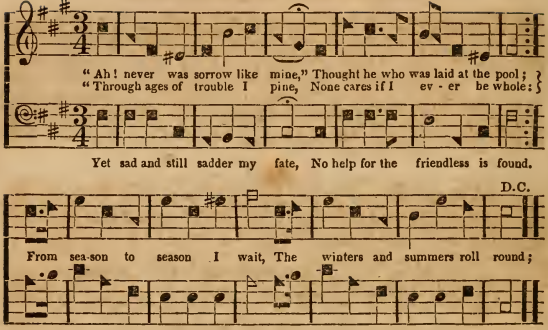
2 Lo the land we leave behind us!
Land of sin, and fear, and wo!
Error's mists shall cease to blind us,
Satan's chains no more shall bind us;
On to happier climes we go.

3 Waft, ye winds, with ceaseless motion,
Waft us to our joyous rest;
Waft us o'er the foaming ocean,
For we seek with warm devotion
The repose of spirits blest.

4 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
Billows rise and surges foam;
Storms and clouds obey our Father,
And we choose these tempests rather,
For they bear us sooner home.

5 Home they bear us to our Saviour—
To the holy land of peace;
Home to dwell with God for ever,
Blest with all his glorious favour,
Boundless, everlasting bliss.

THE IMPOTENT MAN. P. M.*


"Ah! never was sorrow like mine," Thought he who was laid at the pool;
"Through ages of trouble I pine, None cares if I ev - er be whole:
Yet sad and still sadder my fate, No help for the friendless is found.
D.C.
From sea-son to season I wait, The winters and summers roll round;

2 "How often, since hither I came,
Have others successfully tried;
The wither'd, the blind, and the lame
Were cured, who have lain at my side;
How oft, when the waters were stirr'd,
Have I to their pity appeal'd;
Alas! that I never was heard,
They pass'd me—stepp'd in, and were heal'd."

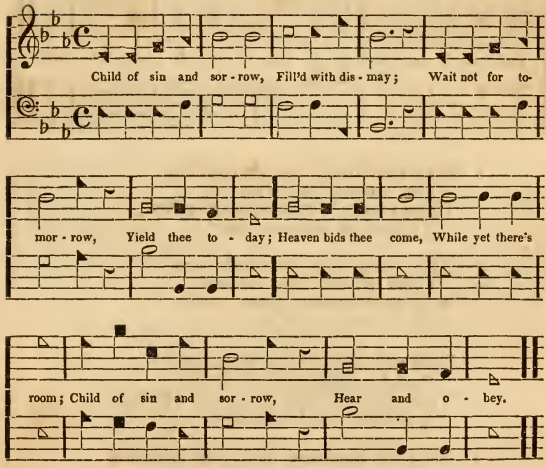
3 Thus wearied with waiting, and faint;
Despairing of friendship or cure,
He pour'd out his doleful complaint,
Nor dream'd of a friend at the door:
"Wilt thou be made whole!" said a voice—
And pity exhaled in the breath:
"Alas!" said the sufferer, "no choice
Remains for the hopeless, but death."

4 "Arise up and walk; thou art whole;
Go, take up thy bed and remove;
No longer remain at the pool;
Acknowledge the cure from above."
Thus spoke the good stranger, and pass'd;
The sufferer was straitway restored;
And, victor o'er sorrow at last,
He walk'd, and rejoiced, and adored.

* Select Melodies, Hymns 83 and 225.

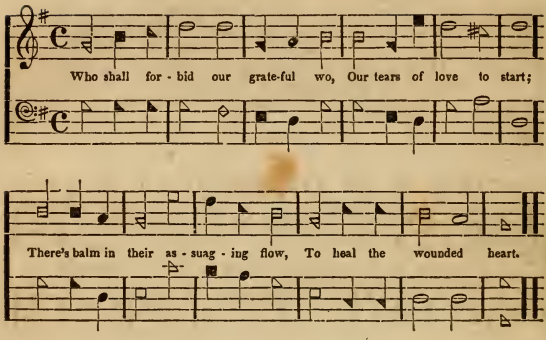
5 Oh! thou that hast waited in tears,
The angel of grace to descend;
Come, banish thy sorrow and fears,
And welcome this heavenly Friend:
'Tis Jesus, thy Saviour and Lord;
How kindly he speaks to thy soul!
What love is revealed in his word!
"Say, wilt thou to-day be made whole?"

"CHILD OF SIN AND SORROW." P. M. S. W.


Child of sin and sor - row, Fill'd with dis - may; Wait not for to-
mor - row, Yield thee to - day; Heaven bids thee come, While yet there's
room; Child of sin and sor - row, Hear and o - bey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

AT THE GRAVE OF A CHILD. C. M. S. W.



1 Who shall forbid our grateful wo,
Our tears of love to start;
There's balm in their assuaging flow,
To heal the wounded heart.

2 This lovely babe, thus early torn
From our fond breasts away,
With silent grief is gently borne
To its lone bed of clay.

3 Here rest thee, till our longer race,
And heavier toils shall close;
Then shall we seek thy resting-place,
And share thy long repose.

4 We plant thee here, with tears bedew'd,
Bright flower of heavenly dye;
And often shall our griefs renew'd
These flowing founts supply.

5 But thou shalt yet in beauty bloom,
A plant of paradise;
And gladden with thy sweet perfume
Our mansion in the skies.

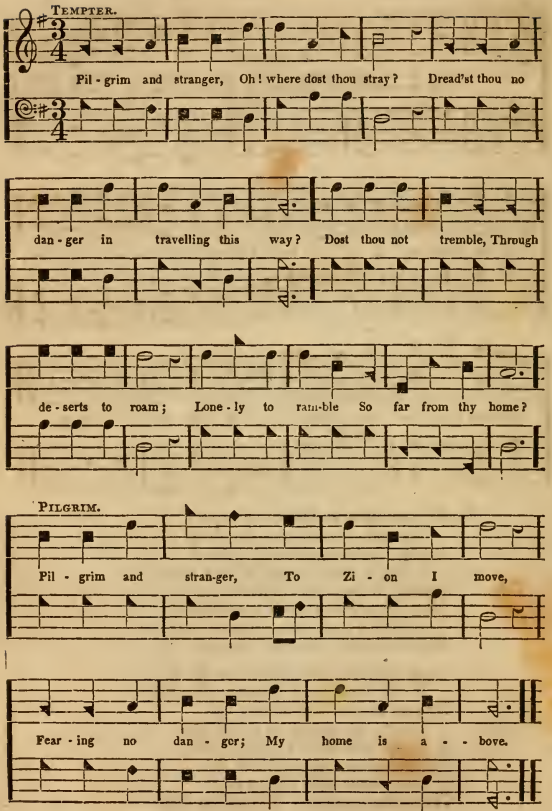
"PEACE, BE STILL!" P. M. S. W.

Once up-on the heaving o-cean, Rode a bark at evening tide,
While the waves in wild com-mo-tion Dash'd a-gainst the vessel's side;
Je-sus sleep-ing on a pil-low, Heeded not the rag-ing bil-low;
While the winds were all abroad, Calm-ly slept the Son of God.

2 In that dark and stormy hour,
Fearful ones awoke the Lord;
Jesus, by his sovereign power,
Calm'd the tempest with a word:
On life's dark and restless ocean,
Mid the billows' wild commotion,
Trembling soul, your Lord is there,
He will make you still his care.

3 Jesus knows your silent weeping,
When before his throne you bow;
Never, never is he sleeping,
Where he reigns in glory now:
If the world is dark before thee,
If the billows rolling o'er thee
All thy soul with terror fill,—
Hear him saying, "Peace, be still!"

THE TEMPTED PILGRIM. P. M. S. W.


TEMPTER.
Pil - grim and stranger, Oh! where dost thou stray? Dread'st thou no
dan - ger in travelling this way? Dost thou not tremble, Through
de - serts to roam; Lone - ly to ram-ble So far from thy home?
PILGRIM.
Pil - grim and stran-ger, To Zi - on I move,
Fear - ing no dan - ger; My home is a - - bove.

Tempter.

1 PILGRIM and stranger,
Oh! where dost thou stray?
Dread'st thou no danger
In travelling this way?
Dost thou not tremble,
Through deserts to roam;
Lonely to ramble
So far from thy home?

Pilgrim.

Pilgrim and stranger,
To Zion I move,
Fearing no danger;
My home is above.

Tempter.

2 None hast thou nigh thee,
Thy spirit to cheer;
No comrades by thee,
To banish thy fear:
Wilt thou not dread when
The tempest shall come?
Who screen thy head, then,
And pilot thee home?

Pilgrim.

Angels attend me,
As onward I move;
God will defend me;—
My home is above.

Tempter.

3 Pilgrim, content thee,
Thy labour is vain;
Folly hath sent thee
An errand for pain:
Here do thou tarry,
And live at thine ease;
Careless and merry,
Till lifetime shall cease.

Pilgrim.

Time will soon show thee
What joys I shall prove;
Tempter, I know thee;—
My home is above.

Tempter.

4 Pilgrim, a river
Is rolling before;
Trust me, thou never
Shalt reach the blest shore:
Rapid its motion,
Resistless its wave,
Deep as the ocean,
And dark as the grave.

Pilgrim.

Darkly and deeply
That current may move;
Jesus shall keep me;—
My home is above.

Tempter

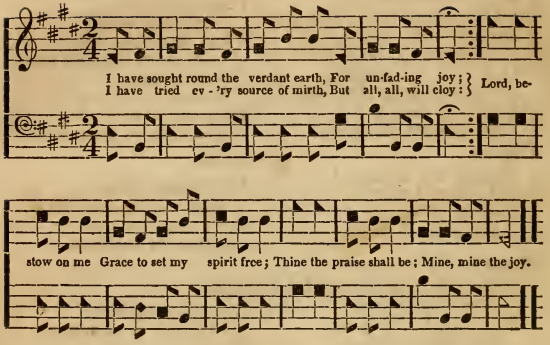
5 Hast thou no terror
In Christ to confide?
Trust not to error,
But with me abide:
Mine are the treasures
Of riches to give;
Mine are the pleasures
For which mortals live.

Pilgrim.

Pleasures more pure, there
I gain through his love,
Treasures more sure, there;—
My home is above.

6 Tempter, forsake me,
My Lord from the skies
Hastens to take me;
I rise—oh! I rise:
Angels come with him,
In vestments divine;
Round, and beneath him,
In glory they shine:
Pilgrim and stranger
No more shall I rove;
Safe from all danger,
My home is above.

THE CONTRAST. P. M.


I have sought round the verdant earth, For un-fad-ing joy;
I have tried ev-'ry source of mirth, But all, all, will cloy:
Lord, be-
stow on me Grace to set my spirit free; Thine the praise shall be; Mine, mine the joy.

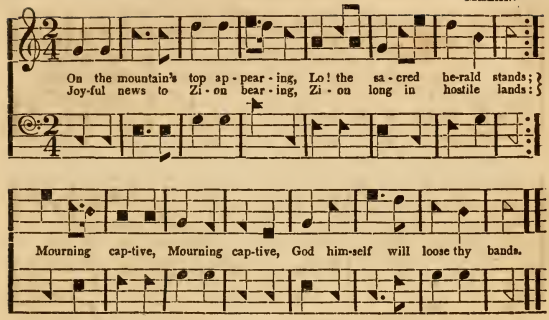
2 I have wander'd in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my labouring soul with grief,
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turned to thy gospel, Lord,
From folly away,
I then trusted thy holy word
That taught me to pray,
Here I found release:
Here my weary soul found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore;
I'll the heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power;
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strains shall move
For evermore.

THE HERALD. P. M.

MALAN.


On the mountain's top ap - pear - ing, Lo! the sa - cred he-rald stands;
Joy-ful news to Zi - on bear - ing, Zi - on long in hostile lands:
Mourning cap-tive, Mourning cap-tive, God him-self will loose thy bands.

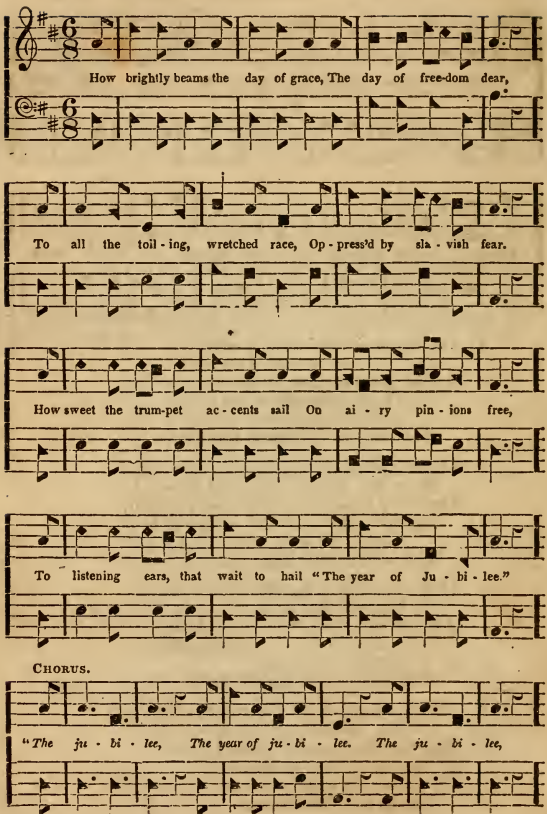
1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands;
Joyful news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy bands.

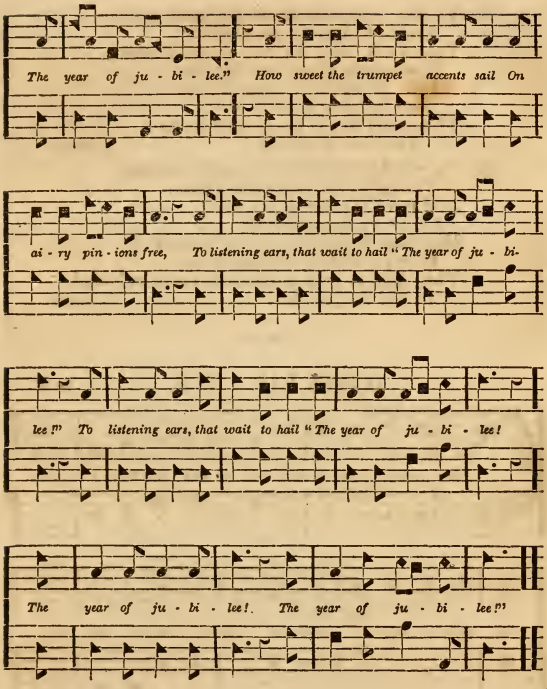
2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning,
Zion still is well-beloved.

3 God, thy God will soon restore thee;
He himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Peace and joy shall now attend thee,
All thy warfare now be past;
God thy Saviour will defend thee,
Victory is thine at last:
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

"THE YEAR OF JUBILEE." P. M.


How brightly beams the day of grace, The day of free-dom dear,
To all the toil-ing, wretched race, Op-press'd by sla-vish fear.
How sweet the trum-pet ac-cents sail On ai-ry pin-ions free,
To listening ears, that wait to hail "The year of Ju-bi-lee."
CHORUS.
"The ju-bi-lee, The year of ju-bi-lee. The ju-bi-lee,

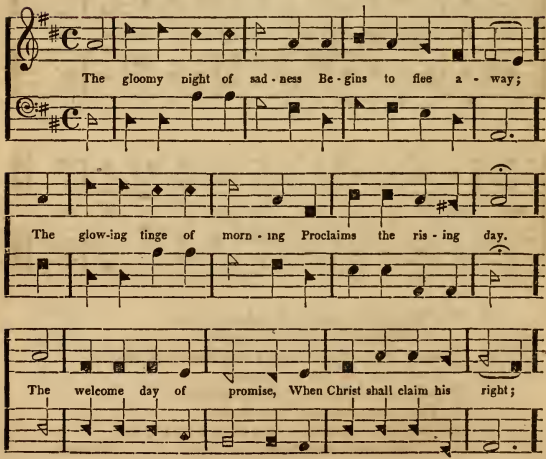

The year of ju - bi - lee." How sweet the trumpet accents sail On
as - ry pin - ions free, To listening ears, that wait to hail "The year of ju - bi-
lee!" To listening ears, that wait to hail "The year of ju - bi - lee!
The year of ju - bi - lee! The year of ju - bi - lee!"

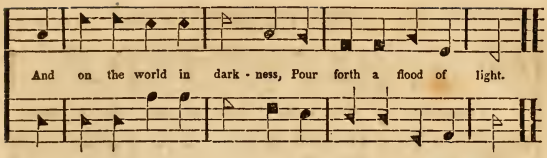
2 Ye labouring souls of Adam's race,
With Satan's fetters bound,
Throw off your chains, your hands upraise,
And hail the joyful sound.
Ye slaves of Satan, toil no more,
The gospel cries "be free;"
And raise the shout from shore to shore,
"The year of jubilee." *Chorus.*

3 Ye who have sold for naught your lands,
And bade your hopes adieu,
Your Lord, with his own bleeding hands,
Has bought them back for you.
Return, ye exiles, to your homes—
Your kindred haste to see;
The happy day of grace hath come—
"The year of jubilee." *Chorus.*

4 Ye watchmen, blow the trumpet strong
Through every glen and vale,
And roll the notes of joy along
On every freeborn gale.
How happy they who know the sound,
How great their transports be;
Their hearts, with quickening raptures bound,
To hail the jubilee. *Chorus.*

GOSPEL DAY. P. M. S. W.


The gloomy night of sad - ness Be - gins to flee a - way;
The glow-ing tinge of morn - ing Proclaims the ris - ing day.
The welcome day of promise, When Christ shall claim his right;



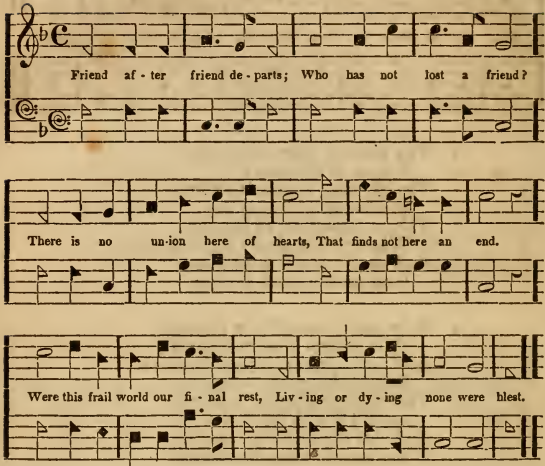
1 The gloomy night of sadness
Begins to flee away;
The glowing tinge of morning
Proclaims the rising day:
The welcome day of promise,
When Christ shall claim his right
And on the world in darkness
Pour forth a flood of light

2 Now truth, unveil'd, is shining,
With beams of sacred light;
And men, emerged from darkness,
Behold the glorious sight:
Their glowing hearts in rapture
Are fill'd with joy divine;
And clad in borrow'd lustre,
To Jesus' praise they shine.

3 Let us begin the anthems,
And join the choir above;
Exalt our great Redeemer,
And praise the God we love:
All honour, praise, and glory,
Salvation to our God;
Hosanna to the Saviour
Who wash'd us in his blood.

4 The courts of heaven are ringing
With songs of highest strains,
And ceaseless praise is rolling
Along the flowery plains:
Oh! could we rise triumphant,
And join with those above,
To shout and sing for ever
The Saviour's dying love.

DEPARTING FRIENDS. P. M. S. W.

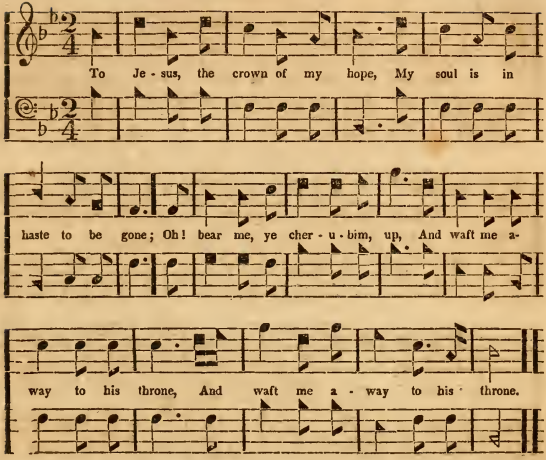

Friend af - ter friend de - parts; Who has not lost a friend?
There is no un-ion here of hearts, That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our fi - nal rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing none were blest.

2 Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the reign of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.

3 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere.

4 Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and brighter shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.

"THE CROWN OF MY HOPE." P. M.* s. w.


To Je - sus, the crown of my hope, My soul is in
haste to be gone; Oh! bear me, ye cher - u - bim, up, And waft me a-
way to his throne, And waft me a - way to his throne.

2 My Saviour, whom absent I love,
Whom not having seen I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power:

3 Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Oh! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

4 When that happy era begins,
Array'd in thy glories I shine;
Nor grieve any more by my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

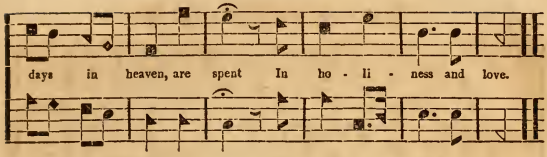
5 Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be pour'd,
I then shall meet him whom I loved,
Whom not having seen I adored.

* Select Melodies, Hymn 79.

THE HAPPY FEW. P. M.*

KING.
How hap - py are the fa - vour'd few, Who live be-
low, as an - gels do In bliss - ful bowers a - bove:
Se - rene - ly calm, with sweet con - tent, Their days, like
UNISON.
days in heaven, are spent In ho - li - ness and love,
In ho - li - ness and love. Their days, like

* Select Melodies, Hymns 25, 70, 75, 121, 210, 251, 269, and 286.



2 Say, what to them is Pleasure's voice?
Or Glory's flame? or Wealth's gay toys?
Or all earth boasts besides?
This world is but their pilgrim rest;
And onward to their home they haste,
Where Christ their Lord abides.

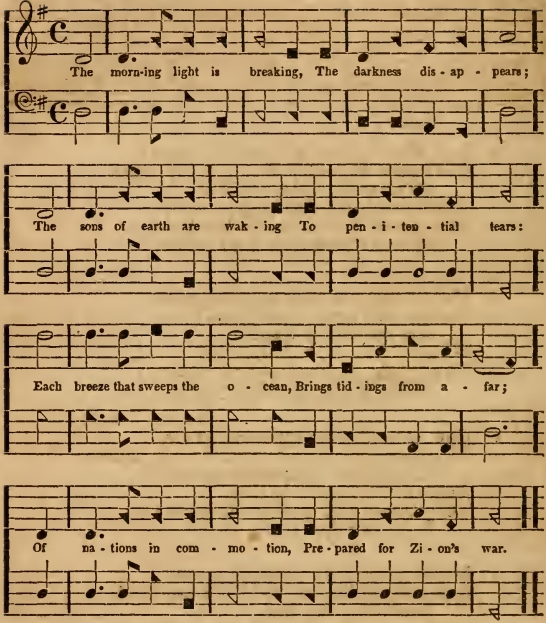
3 The ills that o'er their pathway cross,
Disease, and poverty, and loss,
Are servants in disguise;
Who aid them in the holy strife,
To seize the crown of endless life:—
Bright heaven's enduring prize.

4 How peaceful their communings are,
Who thus, with Christ, their Saviour, share
The Father's boundless grace:
Assured of his unfailing love,
Their hopes, their joys are all above:—
In heaven their native place.

5 Let storm on storm in angry mood,
And earthquake dire, and flame and flood,
In all their fury rise:
Their steady hearts shall know no fear,
For lo! their Father, God, is near,
Who rules both earth and skies.

6 Oh! let me with that radiant band
Unite my trembling heart and hand;
Nor thence again be riven:
In life, in death, oh! let me be
One of that goodly company,
And shine with them in heaven.

"MORNING LIGHT." P. M.*


The morn-ing light is breaking, The darkness dis - ap - pears;
The sons of earth are wak - ing To pen - i - ten - tial tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the o - cean, Brings tid - ings from a - far;
Of na - tions in com - mo - tion, Pre - pared for Zi - on's war.

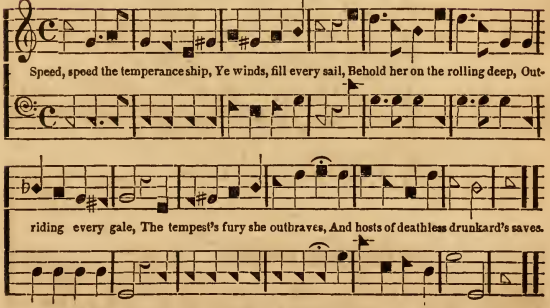
2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle show'r,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

* Select Melodies, Hymns 173 and 199.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey;
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim the Lord is come.

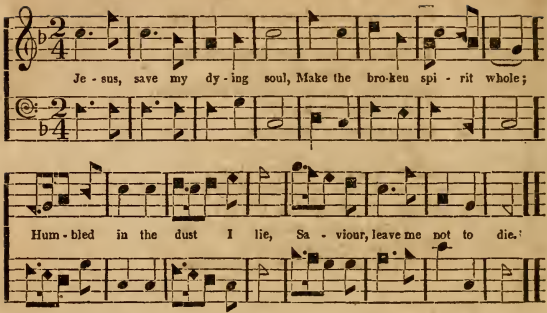
TEMPERANCE SHIP. P. M.*


Speed, speed the temperance ship, Ye winds, fill every sail, Behold her on the rolling deep, Out-
riding every gale, The tempest's fury she outbraves, And hosts of deathless drunkard's saves.

2 Speed, speed the temperance ship,
Who joins us in the cry?
Mothers and children, cease to weep,
Our ship is passing by;
We wish to take you all on board,
A freight of mercy to the Lord.

* This tune will also answer for the hymn on page 54.

THE PENITENT'S PRAYER. P. M. S. W.

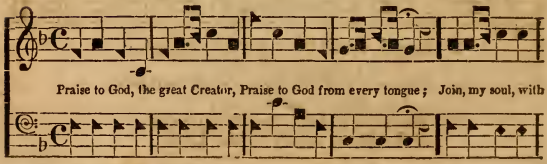


2 Jesus, full of every grace,
Now reveal thy smiling face;
Grant the joy of saints forgiven,
Foretaste of the bliss of heaven.

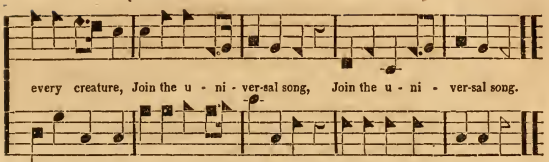
3 All my guilt to thee is known;
Thou art righteous, thou alone:
All my help is from thy cross,
All beside I count but loss.

4 Lord, in thee I now believe;
Wilt thou, wilt thou not forgive?
Helpless at thy feet I lie,
Saviour, leave me not to die.

UNIVERSAL PRAISE. P. M.* Bosr.



* Select Melodies, Hymn 31.

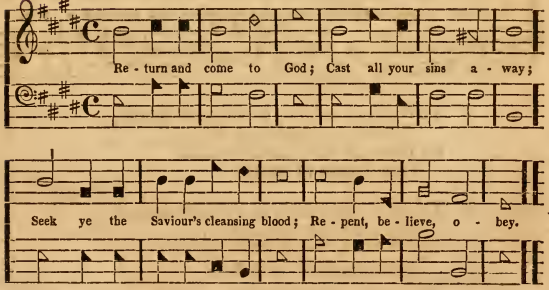


2 Father, source of all compassion!
Pure, unbounded grace is thine;
Hail, the God of our salvation,
Praise him for his love divine.

3 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then enraptured fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

4 Praise to God, the great Creator,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
Praise him, every living creature,
Earth and heaven's united host.

THE SINNER'S CALL. S. M.

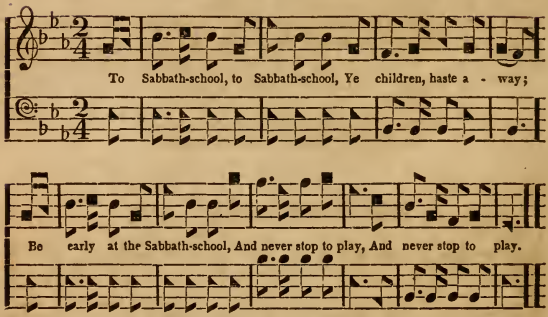


2 Say not, ye cannot come—
For Jesus bled and died,
That none who ask in humble faith
Should ever be denied.

3 Say not, ye will not come—
'Tis God vouchsafes to call,
And fearful shall their end be found,
On whom his wrath shall fall.

4 Come then, whoever will,
Come, while 'tis call'd to-day:
Flee to the Saviour's cleansing blood;
Repent, believe, obey.

"THE SABBATH-SCHOOL." C. M.

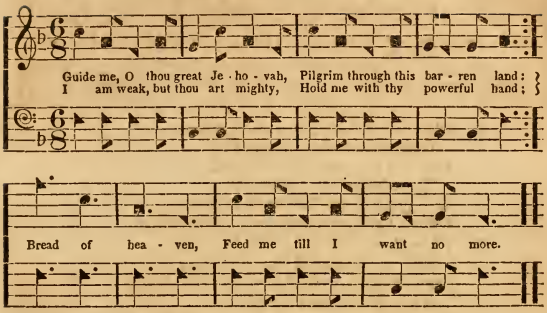

To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school, Ye children, haste a - way;
Be early at the Sabbath-school, And never stop to play, And never stop to play.

2 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
This day so calm and bright,
Be ready at the Sabbath-school
Your lesson to recite.

3 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
The teacher's voice obey,
And listen at the Sabbath-school,
To every word they say.

4 To Sabbath-school, to Sabbath-school,
It is the place of prayer;
Be solemn at the Sabbath-school,
For God himself is there.

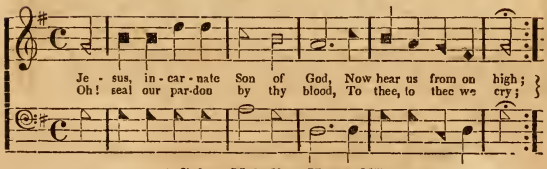
PILGRIM'S PRAYER. P. M.*


Guide me, O thou great Je - ho - vah, Pilgrim through this bar - ren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of hea - ven, Feed me till I want no more.

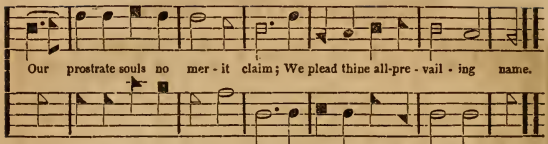
2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all the journey through:
Strong deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

PRAYER FOR PARDON. P. M. s. w.



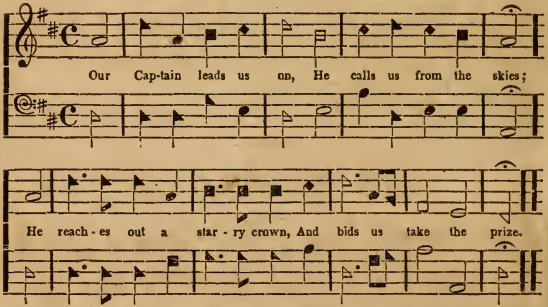
* Select Melodies, Hymn 217.



2 Thy law is holy, just, and good,
  It wakes our guilt and fear
And sin has risen like a flood,
  To whelm us in despair:
We, guilty, fall before thy throne,
Thou, Lord, art righteous, thou alone.

3 Though ruin'd and defiled by sin,
  Our souls would turn and live;
Lord, if thou wilt, now make us clean,
  And all our sins forgive:
Thy righteousness, thy bleeding love,
Can every stain of sin remove.

"BE FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH." S. M.



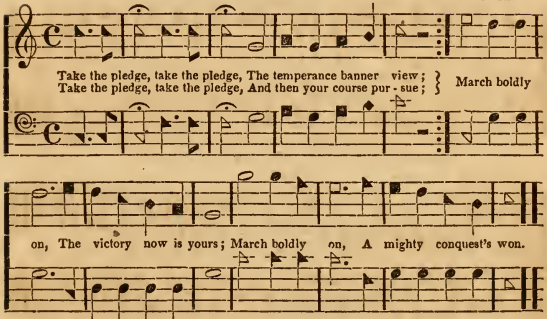
2 "Be faithful unto death,
  Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
  And thou shalt reign with me."

3 'Tis thus the righteous Lord,
To every soldier saith:
Eternal life's the sure reward
Of all-victorious faith.

4 Who conquer in his might,
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God shall freely give.

TAKE THE PLEDGE. P. M.

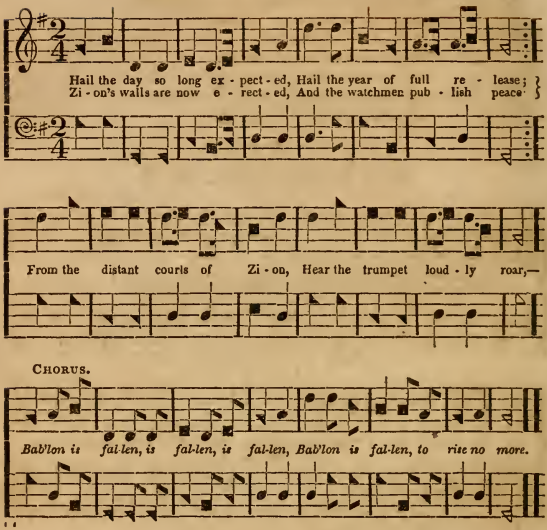
A. Fitz.


Take the pledge, take the pledge, The temperance banner view;
Take the pledge, take the pledge, And then your course pur-sue;
March boldly
on, The victory now is yours; March boldly on, A mighty conquest's won.

2 Take the pledge, take the pledge;
Here's balm for every wound;
Take the pledge, take the pledge;
No richer prize is found;
March boldly on,
And bend your mighty bow;
March boldly on,
And lay th' invader low.

3 Take the pledge, take the pledge;
Here comes the conquering host;
Take the pledge, take the pledge;
No more of sin we boast;
March boldly on,
And let your colours fly;
March boldly on,
And conquer, though you die.

"BABYLON IS FALLEN." P. M.


Hail the day so long ex - pect - ed, Hail the year of full re - lease;
Zi - on's walls are now e - rect - ed, And the watchmen pub - lish peace.
From the distant courts of Zi - on, Hear the trumpet loud - ly roar,—
CHORUS.
Bab'lon is fal-len, is fal-len, is fal-len, Bab'lon is fal-len, to rise no more.

2 Hear the people sadly crying,
While their city disappears;
Trade and traffic all are dying;
Every eye is bathed in tears:
Merchants raise their lamentation,
Crying from a distant shore,—
Chorus.

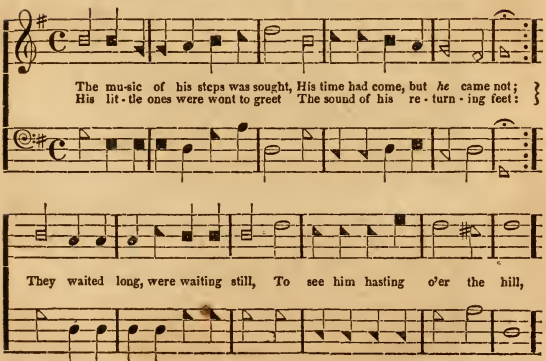
3 Where is now her former glory?
Where is now her pride and show?
One brief day relates the story
Of her final overthrow:
Raise your wailings, kings and nobles,
Priests and people, rich and poor,—
Chorus.

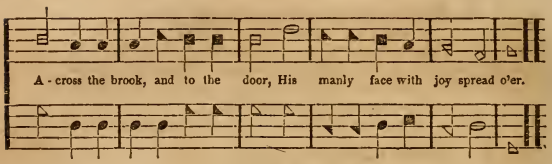
4 Shout, ye saints, in exultation,
Now your enemies are slain:
Raise the anthem of salvation;
Sing the grand millennial reign:
Let the universal chorus
Be repeated o'er and o'er,—
Chorus.

5 Hark! the sound of many voices,
Issuing from the crystal skies;—
Heaven's unnumber'd host rejoices,
Swelling hallelujah's rise:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
God's Almighty power adore!
Chorus.

6 Glory, honour, and salvation,
Cry th' enraptured throngs again,
While each Elder from his station,
Shouts the long and loud amen:
Hallelujah! hallelujah!
Sounding still like thunder's roar,—
Chorus.

THE ITINERANT'S DEATH. L. M. S. W.


The mu-sic of his steps was sought, His time had come, but he came not;
His lit-tle ones were wont to greet The sound of his re-turn-ing feet:
They waited long, were waiting still, To see him hasting o'er the hill,



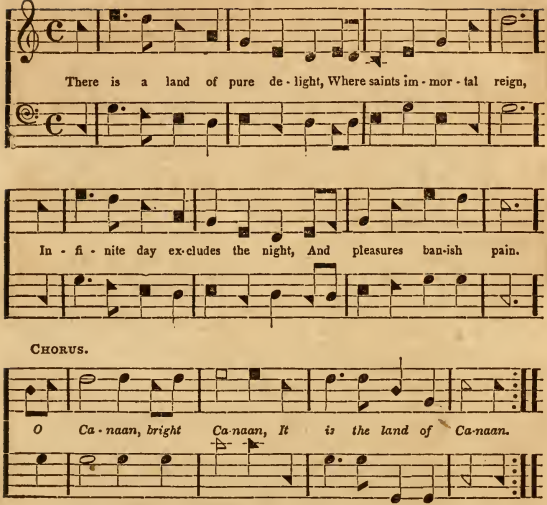
1 THE music of his steps was sought,
His time had come, but *he* came not;
His little ones were wont to greet
The sound of his returning feet:
They waited long—were waiting still,
To see him hasting o'er the hill,
Across the brook, and to the door,
His manly face with joy spread o'er.

He was a faithful man of God,
And in his Saviour's footsteps trod;
Stern duty bade him often stray
From those who near his bosom lay:
But when from anxious toils return'd,
Kind hearts with strong affection burn'd;
The husband's and the father's voice,
In every ear pour'd richest joys.

3 But ah! those ears no more shall hear
That voice to wife and children dear;
Those eyes of love shall never more
Look on that face with joy spread o'er;
Shall never see their loved one come,
To cheer their hearth and bless their home:
Low lies his form beneath the sod;
High lives his spirit with his God.

4 Yet still they look with glistening eye,
Till lo! a herald hastens nigh;
He comes the tale of wo to tell,
How he, their prop and glory fell;
How died he in a stranger's room,
How strangers laid him in the tomb,
How spake he with his latest breath,
And loved and bless'd them all in death.

"THE LAND OF CANAAN." C. M.


There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign,
In - fi - nite day ex·cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.
CHORUS.
O Ca - naan, bright Ca-naan, It is the land of Ca-naan.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
Chorus.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green;
So to the Jew old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
Chorus.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er;
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.
Chorus.

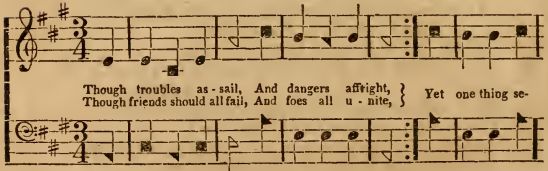
GODLY SORROW. P. M.*

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been!
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

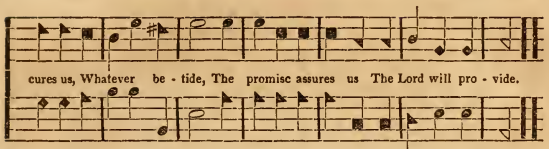
3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with thee there's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, oh! soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

"THE LORD WILL PROVIDE." P. M.



* Select Melodies, Hymns 26, 34, 46, 52, 95, 265, and 307.



2 We may like the ships,
By tempests be tost
On perilous deeps,
But need not be lost;
Though Satan enrages
The wind and the tide,
The promise engages,
The Lord will provide.

3 No strength of our own,
Or goodness we claim,
Yet since we have known
The Saviour's great name,
In this our strong tower
For safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,
The Lord will provide.

4 When life sinks apace,
And death heaves in view,
This word of his grace
Shall comfort us through:
Not fearing, nor doubting,
With Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting,
The Lord will provide.

"COMPEL THEM TO COME IN." P. M.*

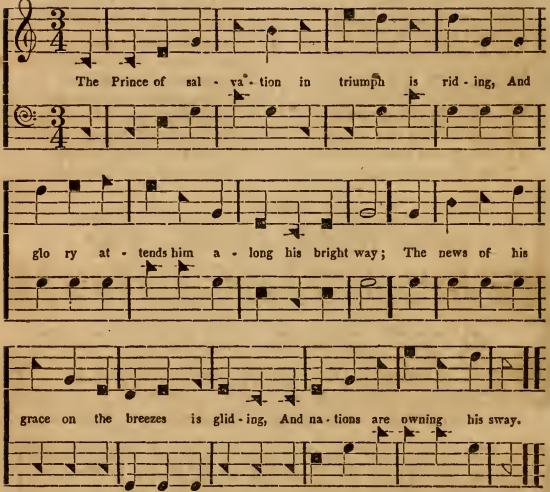
Lord, how large thy bounties are, Tender, gra-cious, sinners Friend!
What a feast dost thou pre - pare, And what in - vi - ta - tion's send!
Every heart to thee in - cline, Now compel them to come in.
D.C.
Now ful - fil thy great de - sign, Who did first the mes - sage bring:

2 Rushing on the downward road,
Sinners no compulsion need;

* Select Melodies, Hymn 222.

While they turn from heaven and God,
See they run with rapid speed:
Stretch that conquering arm of thine,
Once stretch'd out to bleed for sin;
Every heart to thee incline,
Now compel them to come in.

"THE PRINCE OF SALVATION." P. M.


The Prince of sal - va - tion in triumph is rid - ing, And
glo ry at - tends him a - long his bright way; The news of his
grace on the breezes is glid - ing, And na - tions are owning his sway.

2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour;
Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign;
Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favour,
And follow thy glorious train.

3 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation
The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise;
And heaven shall echo the song of salvation,
In rich and harmonious lays.

ZION COMFORTED. P. M.*

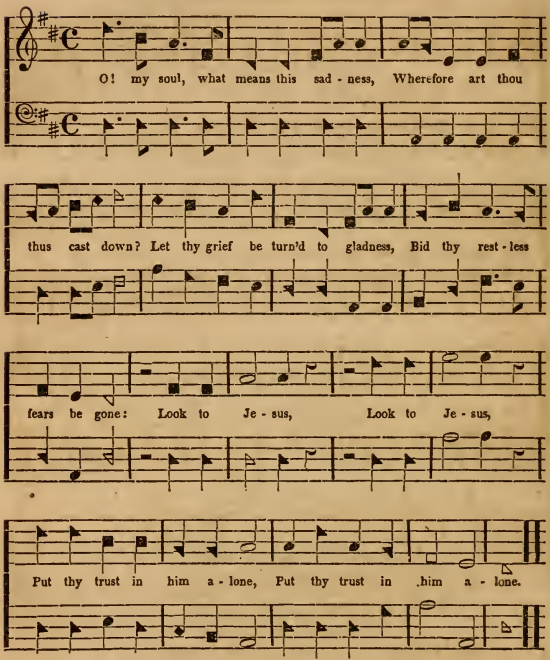
Zi - on, drea - ry and in anguish, Mid the de-sert hast thou stray'd?
O! thou wea - ry, cease to languish, Je - sus shalt lift up thy head.
Still la - ment - ing and be - moan - ing, Mid thy fol - lies and thy woes,
Soon re - pent - ing, and re - turn - ing, All thy so - li - tude shall close.

1 ZION, dreary and in anguish,
Mid the desert hast thou stray'd?
O! thou weary, cease to languish,
Jesus shall lift up thy head.
Still lamenting and bemoaning,
Mid thy follies and thy woes,
Soon repenting, and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

2 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distress'd;
His almighty arm shall waken,
Zion's King shall give thee rest:
Cease thy sadness, unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving,
And the voice of melody.

* Select Melodies, Hymns 30, 145, 180, 181, 204, and 215.

"WHAT MEANS THIS SADNESS." P. M.* s. w.


O! my soul, what means this sad - ness, Wherefore art thou
thus cast down? Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness, Bid thy rest - less
fears be gone: Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus,
Put thy trust in him a - lone, Put thy trust in him a - lone.

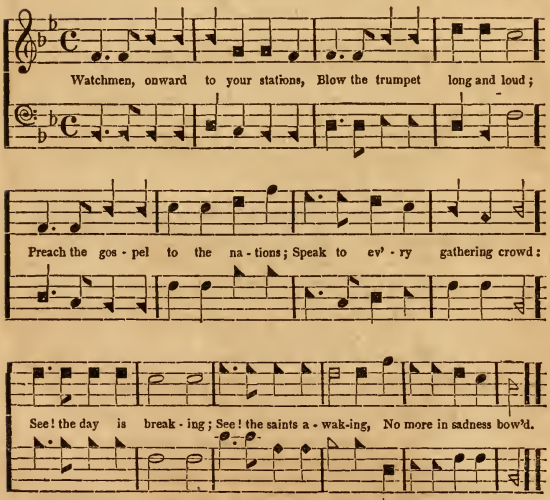
2 What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex thy spirit day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer,
Faith in Christ shall win the day.

* Select Melodies, Hymns 8, 52, 198 and 226.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
Fiends without and foes within:
Jesus never will forget thee,
He will save thee from all sin;
He is faithful,
None shall find his promise vain.

4 Though afflictions now attend thee,
And thou treadest a thorny road;
His right-hand shall still defend thee,
He will bring thee home to God:
Therefore praise him;
Travelling to his blest abode.

MISSION SONG. P. M. S. W.


Watchmen, onward to your stations, Blow the trumpet long and loud;
Preach the gos - pel to the na - tions; Speak to ev' - ry gathering crowd:
See! the day is break - ing; See! the saints a - wak-ing, No more in sadness bow'd.

2 Watchmen! hail the rising glory
Of the great Messiah's reign;
Tell the Saviour's bleeding story,
Tell it to the listening train:
See his love revealing;
See the Spirit sealing;
'Tis life amid the slain.

3 Watchmen! as the clouds are flying,
As the doves in haste return,
Thousands from amid the dying,
Flee to Christ, his love to learn:
All their sighs and sadness,
Turn to joy and gladness,
When they his grace discern.

4 Watchmen! now lift up your voices;
Tell the triumphs of your King,
While the ransom'd host rejoices;
Sing aloud his praises, sing:
See his arm victorious;
See his kingdom glorious,
While heaven's glad anthems ring.

5 Watchmen! when your friends are weeping,
When they bid the last adieu,
To your heavenly Father's keeping,
Leave them in submission true:
Kind is his protection;
Safe by his direction,
Your onward course pursue.

6 Watchmen! cast no look behind you,
While your foes are pressing hard,
Jesus shall himself defend you,
Zion's King shall be your guard:
What though hosts assail you,
Christ can never fail you,
He is your great reward.

7 Watchmen! when your toils are ended,
When your conflicts all are o'er,
By celestial bands attended,
You shall reach the heavenly shore:
Crowns of joy await you,
While the hosts that hate you
Shall perish evermore.

"THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD." P. M.

The Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me re - pose
Where the pas - tures in beau - ty are grow - - ing;
He leads me a - - far from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still wa - ters are flow - - ing.

1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
Where the pastures in beauty are growing;
He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
Where in peace the still waters are flowing.

2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path
Where the arms of his love shall enfold me;
And when I walk through the dark valley of death,
Then his rod and his staff will uphold me.

CHRIST OUR SHEPHERD. P. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 Oh! tell me, thou life and delight of my soul,
Where the flock of thy pasture are feeding;
I seek thy protection, I need thy control;
I would go where my Shepherd is leading.

2 Oh! tell me the place where thy flock are at rest,
Where the noontide will find them reposing;
The tempest now rages, my soul is distrest,
And the pathway of peace I am losing.

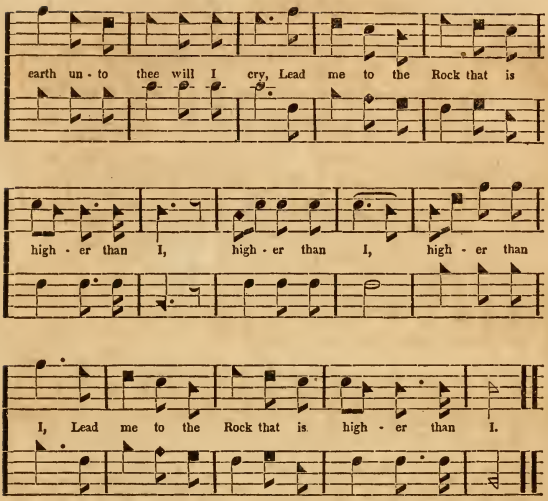
3 Oh! why should I stray with the flocks of thy foes,
Mid the desert where now they are roving;
Where hunger and thirst, where affliction and woes,
And temptations their ruin are proving.

4 Oh! when shall my woes and my wanderings cease?
And the follies that fill me with weeping!
Thou Shepherd of Israel! restore me that peace
Thou dost give to the flock thou art keeping.

5 A voice from the Shepherd now bids thee return
By the way where the footprints are lying;
No longer to wander, no longer to mourn;
O! fair one, now homeward be flying.

"THE ROCK." P. M.*

* Select Melodies, Hymns 284 and 298.


earth un - to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock that is
high - er than I, high - er than I, high - er than
I, Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

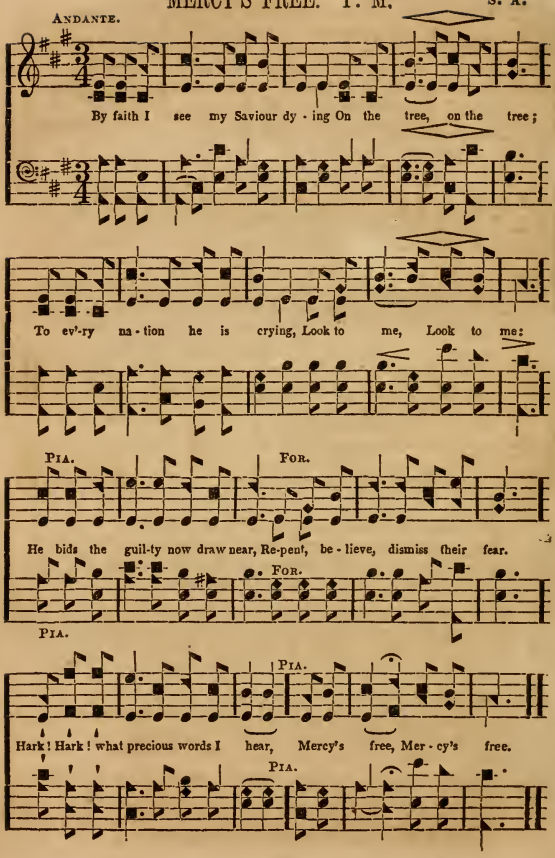
1 In seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care;
From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, the tempter, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
Clad in Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely,
And look to the Rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies,
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With bright millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the dear Rock that is higher than I.

MERCY'S FREE. P. M. S. A.


ANDANTE.
By faith I see my Saviour dy - ing On the tree, on the tree;
To ev'-ry na - tion he is crying, Look to me, Look to me:
PIA.
FOR.
He bids the guil-ty now draw near, Re-pent, be - lieve, dismiss their fear.
FOR.
PIA.
PIA.
Hark! Hark! what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mer - cy's free.
PIA.

2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
Oh yes, he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God, hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received;
And Christ from death my soul retrieved:
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
And every moment Christ is precious
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove;
All may enjoy the Saviour's love—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth, ye sinners hear it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free—
Ye ministers of God, declare it—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,—
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free;
And when the vale of death I've pass'd,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

INVITATION. P. M.

ANDANTE.
Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and
Je - sus rea - dy stands to save you, Full of
wound - ed, sick and sore,
pi - ty, love, and power;
He is a - ble,
He is a - ble, He is wil - ling, doubt no more.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify:
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh;
Without money
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger:
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

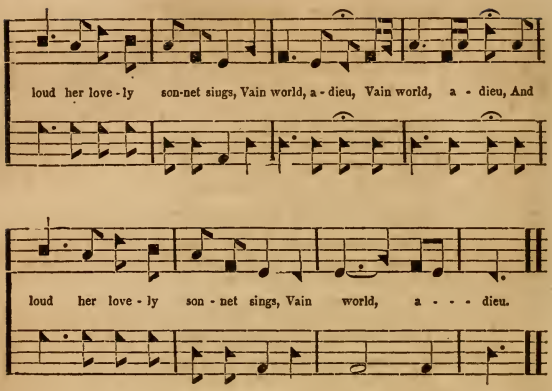
5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo: th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the same.

"VAIN WORLD, ADIEU." P. M.

When for e - ter - nal worlds we steer, And seas are
And faith in live - ly ex - er - cise, And dis - tant
calm, and skies are clear,
hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings, And

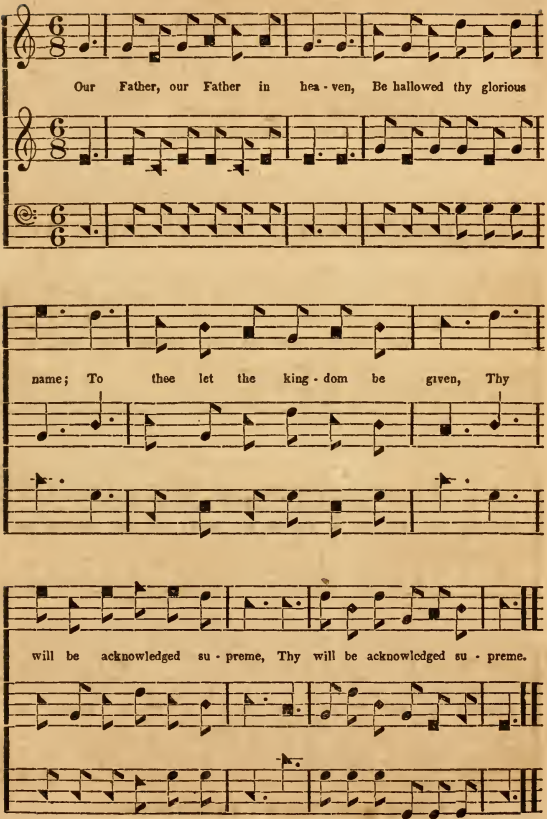


1 When for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm, and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

2 With cheerful hopes her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore:
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
Again for joy she claps her wings
And her celestial sonnet sings,
Glory to God.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. P. M. S. W.

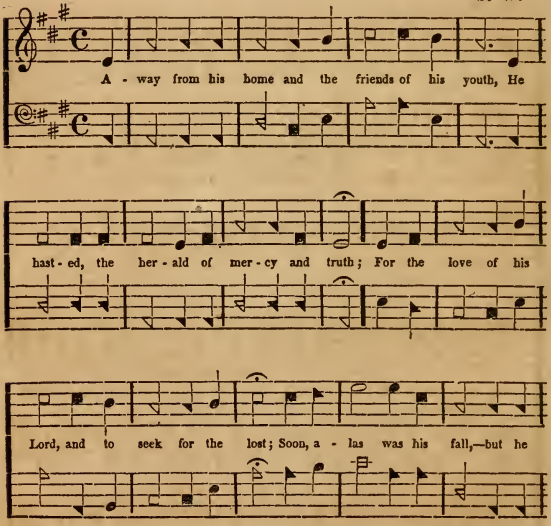

Our Father, our Father in hea - ven, Be hallowed thy glorious
name; To thee let the king - dom be given, Thy
will be acknowledged su - preme, Thy will be acknowledged su - preme.

2 We would by thy bounty be fed,
By infinite mercy forgiven,
Nor into temptation be led,
Nor into sad evils be driven.

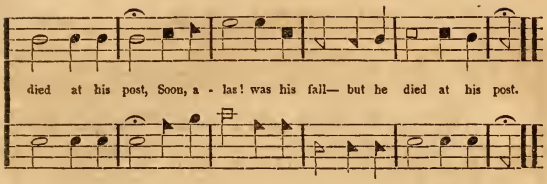
3 For thine is the kingdom, O Lord,
The power and the glory are thine;
Thy name be for ever adored,
On earth as in heaven divine.

"TELL MY BRETHREN THAT I DIED AT MY POST."* P.M.

S. W.


A - way from his home and the friends of his youth, He
hast - ed, the her - ald of mer - cy and truth; For the love of his
Lord, and to seek for the lost; Soon, a - las was his fall,—but he

* Dying words of the Rev. Thomas Drummond.



1 AWAY from his home and the friends of his youth,
He hasted, the herald of mercy and truth:
For the love of his Lord, and to seek for the lost;
Soon, alas! was his fall—but he died at his post.

2 The stranger's eye wept, that, in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardour he led in the van of the host,
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

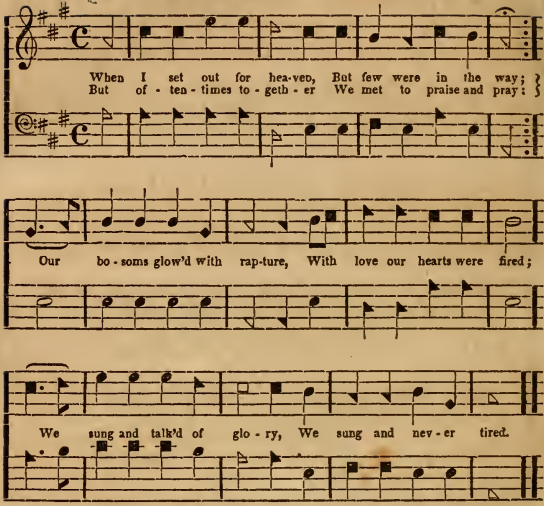
3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done:
The battle was fought, and the victory won:
But he whisper'd of those whom his heart clung to most,
"Tell my brethren for me that I died at my post."

4 He ask'd not a stone to be sculptured with verse;
He ask'd not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he ask'd as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall—for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has pass'd o'er the stream, and has reach'd the bright coast,
For he fell like a martyr—he died at his post.

6 And can we the words of his exit forget?
Oh, no! they are fresh in our memory yet:
An example so brilliant shall never be lost,
We will fall in the work—we will die at our post.

OLDEN TIMES. P. M. S. W.


When I set out for heaveo, But few were in the way;
But of - ten - times to - geth - er We met to praise and pray;
Our bo - soms glow'd with rap-ture, With love our hearts were fired;
We sung and talk'd of glo - ry, We sung and nev - er tired.

2 Those days were full of sweetness;
I think upon them yet;
Their holy joy and gladness
I never can forget:
We were a band of brothers,
Of brothers fond and true;
We were a band of brothers,
And loved as brothers do.

3 The world was all against us,
What cared we for its frown?
A better world before us
Contain'd a starry crown:
We trampled on earth's pleasures,
Its riches were but dross;
Its glory all was tarnish'd;
We gloried in the cross.

4 When one was call'd to leave us,
And fly away to God,
We cheer'd him with our voices,
While crossing Jordan's flood:
We sung the songs of Zion
Around his dying bed,
And witness'd with what triumph
The soul from sorrow fled.

5 Then with our friends departed,
We seem'd the earth to leave;
And soaring up like seraphs,
Forgot to weep and grieve:
With patriarchs and prophets,
And blood-wash'd throngs above,
We sung the loud hosanna—
The song of heavenly love.

6 Ye friends of former seasons,
Of happy youthful days,
All, all have gone before me,
Ye all have run your race:
And mine will soon be finish'd;
I haste to grasp your hand,
To join again my comrades,
In that undying land.

CONVICTION FOR SIN. P. M.

To the preceding Air.

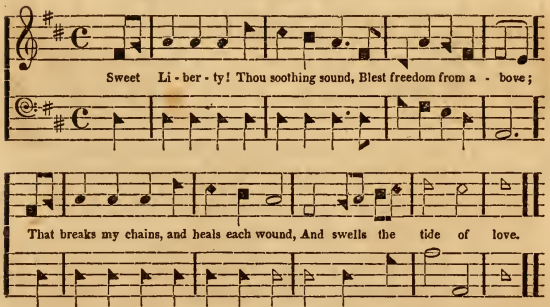
1 Why sinks my soul desponding
Why fill my eyes with tears?
While nature all surrounding,
The smile of beauty wears.
Why burden'd still with sorrow
Is every labouring thought?
Each vision that I borrow
With gloom and sadness fraught?

2 The pleasures that deceived me,
My soul no more can charm;
Of rest they have bereaved me,
And fill'd me with alarm;
The objects I have cherish'd
Are empty as the wind;
My earthly joys have perish'd,
What comfort shall I find?

3 If inward still inquiring,
I turn my searching eye,
Or upward now aspiring,
I raise my feeble cry,
No heavenly light is beaming
To cheer my troubled breast,
No ray of comfort gleaming
To give my spirit rest.

4 My soul, from this dread anguish
Is there no refuge nigh?
'Tis guilt that makes thee languish,
And leaves thee thus to die:
Renounce thy sin and folly
Before the throne of grace,
And make the Lord, most holy,
Thy strength and righteousness.

SWEET LIBERTY. C. M. S. W.

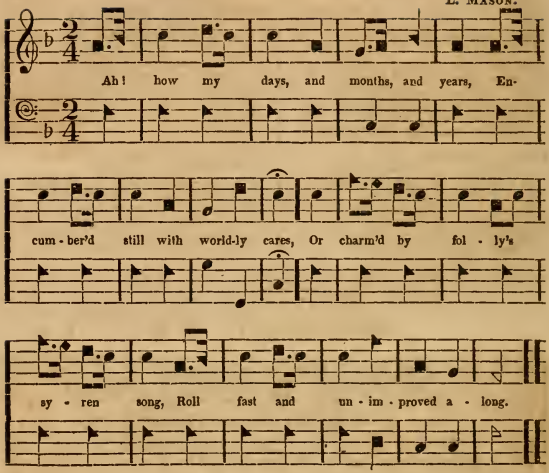

Sweet Li - ber - ty! Thou soothing sound, Blest freedom from a - bove;
That breaks my chains, and heals each wound, And swells the tide of love.

2 Freedom! the fairest flower that blows,
The brightest gem on earth;
This freedom Jesus Christ bestows,
Star of our second birth.

3 Ardent my thanks to him I pay,
For grace so rich, so free;
This star precedes eternal day;
Oh! may it shine on me.

NEW YEAR. L. M.

L. MASON.


Ah! how my days, and months, and years, En-
cum-ber'd still with world-ly cares, Or charm'd by fol-ly's
sy-ren song, Roll fast and un-im-proved a-long.

1 AH! how my days, and months, and years,
Encumber'd still with worldly cares,
Or charm'd by folly's syren song,
Roll fast and unimproved along.

2 Yet still the high and holy Lord
Suspends his sin-avenging sword;
And Sinai's lightnings, from above,
Flash guiltless on the shield of love.

3 "At ease in Zion," and secure,
How could my startled soul endure
To hear that dread prophetic cry—
"Know, thou this year shalt surely die?"

4 Oh! give me back the seasons past,
The hours, the moments run to waste,
That I, my God, their worth may see,
And dedicate them all to thee.

FIRST SABBATH OF THE NEW YEAR. L. M.

To the preceding Tune.

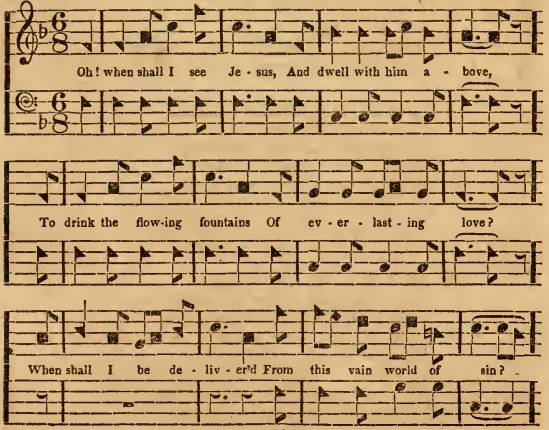
1 ANOTHER Sabbath calls our feet
To worship at thy mercy-seat;
And in thy temple, Lord, appear,
To bless thee for a new-born year.

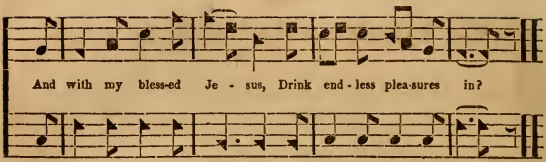
2 When the expiring year we view,
And recollect thy goodness through,
We feel constrained with one accord,
With all our powers to praise the Lord.

3 O gracious God, still condescend
To be our helper and our friend:
At our right-hand be ever near,
To guide us through the present year.

4 And if this year should be our last,
If that decree, great God, be past,
May we all safely reach that shore,
Where time and death are known no more.

CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. P. M. MOZART.


Oh! when shall I see Je - sus, And dwell with him a - bove,
To drink the flow-ing fountains Of ev - er - last - ing love?
When shall I be de - liv - er'd From this vain world of sin?



2 But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer though I die,
And then away to Jesus,
On wings of love I'll fly:
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on the heavenly armour
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

5 Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend;
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

"RISE, YE HERALDS." P. M. S. W.

Rise, ye her-alds of sal - va-tion, Blow the gos-pel trumpet, blow;
Go to ev - 'ry tribe and na-tion, Hear! your Mas - ter bids you go.
Hark! his word, his Spi - rit ur-ges, Count no en - ter - prise too hard;
Daunt-less cross the mountain surges, Christ him-self will be your guard.

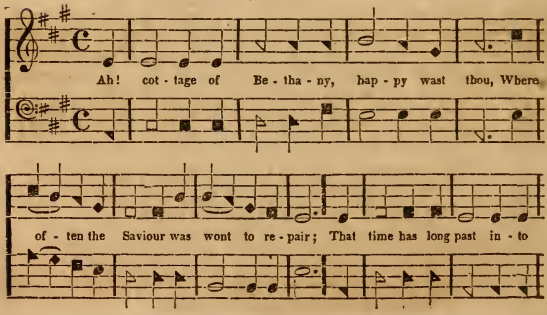
2 God protects, what power can harm you?
Winds and seas his word obey;
Why should threat'ning ills alarm you?
All are subject to his sway.
Quit no duty, fear no danger,
Go to all the fallen race,
Say to every outcast stranger,
You may now be saved by grace.

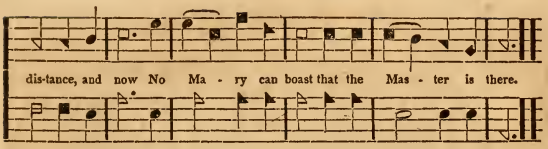
3 Go, with heavenly ardour burning,
Bright with Christ's transmitted rays,
Comfort those in darkness mourning,
Turn their sighs to songs of praise.
Bear his cross—your joy and glory,
Spread your Master's glorious fame;
Tell his crucifixion-story,
Tell the world his wond'rous name.

4 Idols then shall fall like Dagon,
Heathen darkness flee away;
Every poor, benighted pagan,
See the light of gospel day:
Deserts shall rejoice with singing,
Lonely wastes shall lift their voice,
Barren wilds, with verdure springing,
Bloom a fruitful paradise.

5 Sing, ye saints, a day of gladness
Dawns already from on high;
Put on joy for sable sadness,
Wipe the tear, repress the sigh.
Soon will Zion's King descending,
Clothed in regal robes appear,
Earth shall to his sceptre bending,
Hail the great millennial year.

COTTAGE OF BETHANY. P. M. S. W.





1 Ah! Cottage of Bethany, happy wast thou,
Where often the Saviour was wont to repair;
That time has long past into distance, and now
No Mary can boast that the Master is there.

2 But though not in presence our Saviour be nigh,
A guest to partake, and a teacher to guide,
Faith sees, though unseen by the bodily eye,
Him present in spirit, on every side.

3 Yes, Saviour, thou surely art here for thou didst
A promise bestow, as thou passed'st away,
That thou would'st for ever be found in the midst
Of but two or three who assembled to pray.

DELAY NOT. P. M.

To the same Air.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

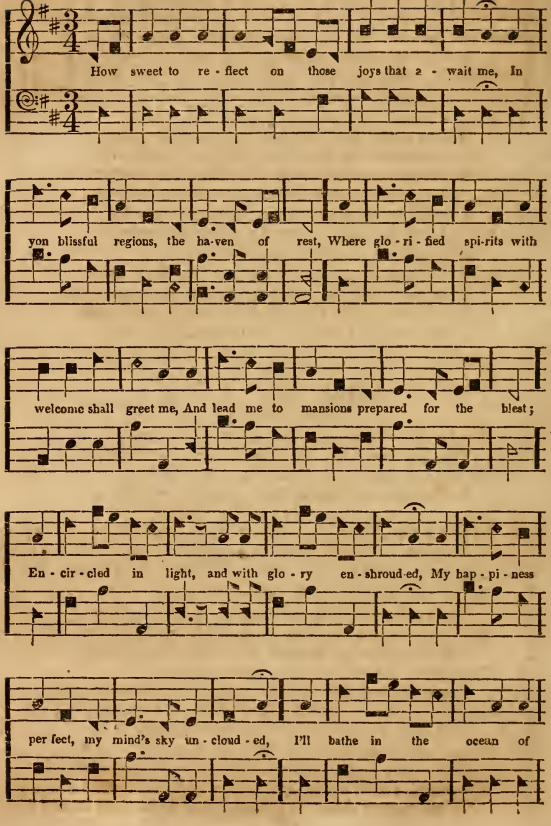
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is open'd, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood.

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For mercy still lingers, and calls thee to-day:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
And sink in the vale of eternity's night.

6 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
What power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

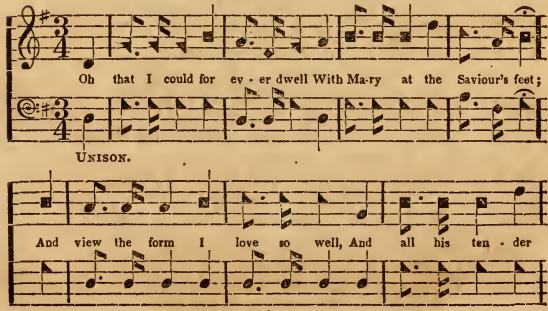
EDEN OF LOVE. P. M.

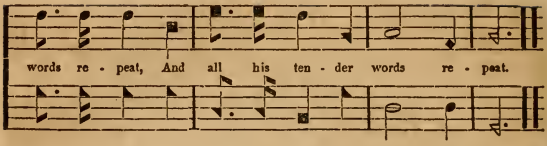

How sweet to re - flect on those joys that a - wait me, In
yon blissful regions, the ha-ven of rest, Where glo - ri - fied spi-rits with
welcome shall greet me, And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest;
En - cir - cled in light, and with glo - ry en - shroud-ed, My hap - pi - ness
per fect, my mind's sky un - cloud - ed, I'll bathe in the ocean of

2 While angelic legions with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
The saints as they flock from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise:
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
All glory, and honour, and might, and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of love.

3 Then hail, blessed state! hail ye songsters of glory!
Ye harpers of bliss, soon I'll meet you above!
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
"Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love:"
Though 'prison'd in earth, yet by anticipation
Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await me, when freed from probation;
My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

COMMUNION. L. M.





2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
Oh! is there ought from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life and prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live, till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

PARTING WITH EARTHLY JOYS. L. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind,
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of dark despair;
And while I listen'd to your song
Your streams had e'en convey'd me there.

3 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies.

4 There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

HOPE. P. M. S. W.

2 As he journeys day by day;
As he plods his course along;
To beguile the rugged way,
Hope attunes her sweetest song.

3 If his path with ills is sown;
If he wear the brow of care;
If he 'neath his burden groan,
Hope his drooping heart will cheer.

4 If he on the ocean sail;
If he traverse burning sands;
Lest foreboding fears prevail,
Hope, his angel, near him stands.

5 When amid the stormy blast,
Hope is then his anchor strong;
And until the danger's past,
Soothes him with her sweetest song.

6 "Soon the tempest will be o'er,
Soon you'll hail the rising sun:
Brighter days are yet in store—
Even now their dawn's begun."

7 Thus with her inspiring lay,
Mid the gloom of cheerless night,
Hope predicts a happy day,
Rising with refulgent light.

HARVEST HYMN. L. M. S. W.

A - wake, sweet gratitude, and sing; Wake, harp and timbrel, lute and lyre;
Let the whole earth with praises ring, And mer-cies gra - ti - tude in - spire.

1 AWAKE, sweet gratitude, and sing;
Wake, harp and timbrel, lute and lyre;
Let the whole earth with praises ring,
And mercies gratitude inspire.

2 The harvest moon has fill'd her horn;
Loud sound the God of nature's praise:
From the first beams of rosy morn,
Until the sun's declining rays.

3 'Tis to his gracious care we owe
The early and the latter rain;
At his command the sunbeams glow,
And load the earth with ripen'd grain.

4 'Tis he whose goodness has supplied
Abundant stores for time to come;
While on the gentle zephyrs ride
The joyful shouts of harvest home.

5 Thus, while the "God of nature" claims
Our fervent gratitude and praise;
May we adore his sweeter names,
And love and serve the God of grace.

CHRISTIAN WATCHFULNESS. L. M.

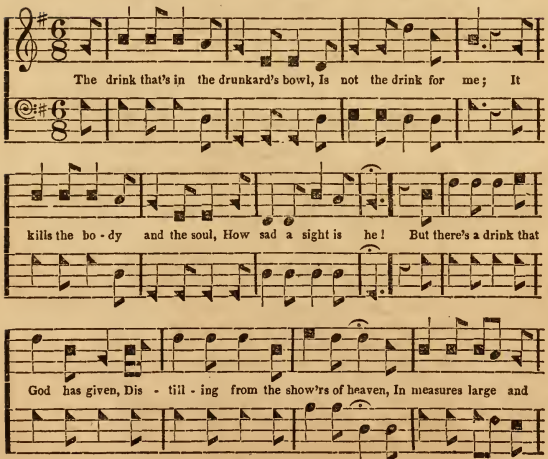
To the preceding Air.

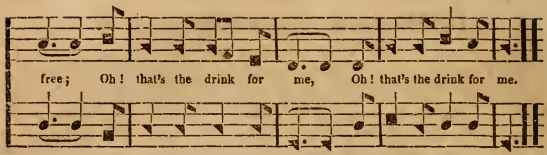
1 Lord, let my prayer like incense rise,
And when I lift my hands to thee,
As in the evening sacrifice,
Look down from heaven well pleased on me.

2 Set thou a watch to keep my tongue;
Let not my heart to sin incline;
Save me from men who practise wrong;
Let me not share their mirth and wine.

3 But let the righteous, when I stray,
Smite me in love; his strokes are kind;
His mild reproofs, like oil, allay
The wounds they make, and heal the mind.

THE DRINK FOR ME. P. M. S. W.


The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl, Is not the drink for me; It
kills the bo - dy and the soul, How sad a sight is he! But there's a drink that
God has given, Dis - till - ing from the show'rs of heaven, In measures large and



2 The stream that many prize so high
Is not the stream for me:
For he who drinks it still is dry,
For ever dry he'll be.
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveller lingers near,
Refresh'd and glad is he;
Oh! that's the drink for me.

3 The wine cup that so many prize
Is not the cup for me:
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see.
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days;
Oh! that's the cup for me.

"THE PEARL FOR ME." P. M.

To the same Tune.

1 The world their fancied pearl may crave,
'Tis not the pearl for me;
'Twill loose its lustre in the grave,
'Twill perish in the sea.
But there's a pearl of price untold,
Which never can be bought with gold;
The sinking soul 'twill save,
Oh! that's the pearl for me.

2 Let pleasure chant her siren song,
'Tis not the song for me;
To weeping it will turn ere long,
For this is heaven's decree;
But there's a song the ransom'd sing,
To Jesus, their exalted King,
With joyful heart and tongue—
Oh! that's the song for me.

ZION'S GLORY. P. M.

Glo - rious things of thee are spo - ken, Zi - on,
He whose word can - not be bro - ken, Form'd thee
With sal - va - tion's walls sur - round - ed, Thou may'st
ci - ty of our God! }
for his own a - bode: }
On the Rock of
smile at all thy foes.
D. C.
A - ges found - ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose.

2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.

Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

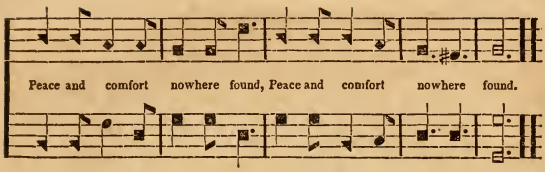
P. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand will guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition;
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

THE HAPPY CHOICE. P. M. S. W.



2 Now to you my spirit turns,
Turns, a fugitive unblest:
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh! receive me to your rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore,
Your Redeemer shall be mine,
Earth can fill my soul no more,
Every idol I resign.

SINNERS INVITED. P. M.

To the preceding Tune.

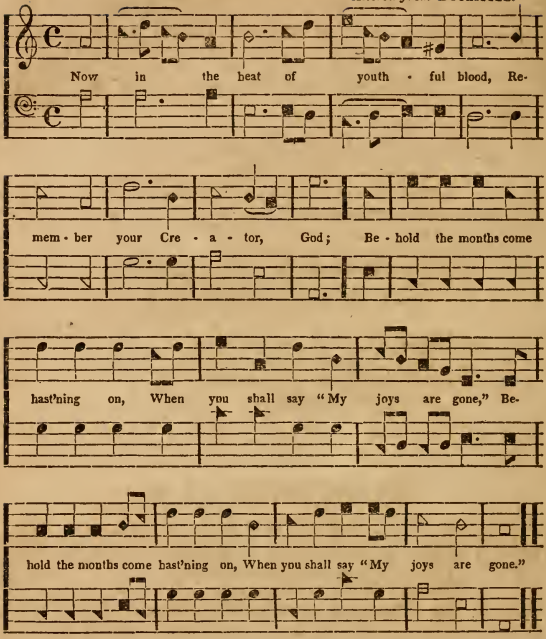
1 Come, ye weary souls oppress'd,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burden roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

ADVICE TO YOUTH. L. M.

Altered from DOOLITTLE.


Now in the heat of youth - ful blood, Re-
mem - ber your Cre - a - tor, God; Be - hold the months come
hast'ning on, When you shall say "My joys are gone," Be-
hold the months come hast'ning on, When you shall say "My joys are gone."

2 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endless curses on his head.

3 The dust returns to dust again:
The soul in agonies and pain
Ascends to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

4 Eternal King, I fear thy name!
Teach me to know how frail I am:
And when my soul must hence remove,
Give me a mansion in thy love.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER. L. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 Give me, O God, a contrite heart,
Bid all unrighteousness depart;
Shut close the gate, and keep the door,
That sin may enter in no more.

2 To thee, my soul I open wide,
Come, Jesus, and therein abide,
And may thy wisdom, truth, and grace,
Take root within the barren place.

3 Oh! let thy Holy Spirit's light,
And thine own heavenly radiance bright,
O'erflow my spirit like a flood,
Eternal source of every good!

4 Then shall I tell in grateful song
The praises that to thee belong;
And while I live, my joy shall be,
To consecrate myself to thee.

THY WILL BE DONE. C. M.

1 How sweet to be allow'd to pray
To God, the Holy One,
With filial love and trust to say,
O God, thy will be done.

2 We in these sacred words can find,
A cure for every ill;
They calm and soothe the troubled mind,
And bid all care be still.

3 Oh! may that will that gave me birth,
And an immortal soul,
In joy or grief, in life or death,
My every wish control.

4 Oh! could my heart thus ever pray,
Thus imitate thy Son!
Teach me, O God, in truth to say,
"Thy will, not mine, be done."

THE WORLD RENOUNCED. C. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 Let worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd;
So early pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

3 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Have fix'd my roving heart.

4 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me.

5 Yes, though of sinners I'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

THE FADING FLOWER. P. M. S. W.

See the love - ly, bloom - ing flow'r, Fade and wi - ther
in an hour; So our transient comforts fly, Earthly pleasures
bloom to die, Earth - ly plea - sures bloom to - die.

2 See the leaves are falling fast,
Scatter'd by th' autumnal blast;
So our youthful joys will fade,
Anxious care our breasts invade.

3 Time is passing swift away,
Earthly bliss will soon decay;
Seek we then to find on high,
Pleasures that can never die.

4 'Tis alone beyond the tomb
Vernal flow'rs for ever bloom:
Lord, prepare us by thy grace,
For thy holy dwelling-place.

TRIUMPHS OF THE GOSPEL. P. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star?
Strangers now to Zion come,
There to seek a peaceful home.

2 Lo! they gather like a cloud,
Or as doves their windows crowd!
Zion wonders at the sight,
Zion feels a strange delight.

3 Zion now no more shall sigh,
God will raise her glory high;
He will send a large increase,
He will give his people peace.

4 Sons of Zion, sing aloud!
See her sun without a cloud!
God will make her joy complete,
Zion's sun shall never set.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD. S. M.

2 The sheep his kindness know,
When timid fear alarms:
So we affrighted, safely go
To our Redeemer's arms.

3 The lambs he gently leads
To pastures green and fair:
And so the Saviour kindly feeds
The children of his care.

4 When stormy tempests blow,
He shields them from the cold,
So to escape from sin and wo,
We enter Jesus' fold.

5 Thy voice to hear we love;
Dear Shepherd, be our guide;
That we within thy fold above
For ever may reside.

CHRIST'S REDEEMED. S. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 From Egypt's bondage come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek a new, a better home,
Where we our rest shall gain.

2 To Canaan's sacred bound,
We haste with songs of joy;
Where peace and liberty are found,
And sweets which never cloy.

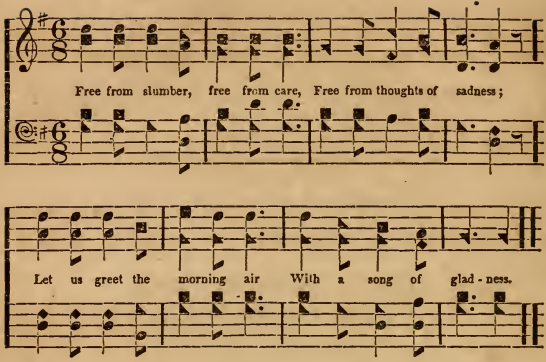
3 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
Nor thirst nor hunger more.

4 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
And love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King.

5 We hope to join the throng,
And soon their pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there.

6 How sweet the prospect is!
It cheers the pilgrim's breast;
We're journeying through the wilderness,
To our eternal rest.

MORNING SONG. P. M. S. W.



2 While the music of the grove
On the ear is stealing,
Thoughts of friendship and of love
Waken tender feeling.

3 Lo the drops of pearly dew
Upward are ascending,
And the flowers with golden hue
On the stalk are bending.

4 Fragrance fills the gentle breeze,
Now incessant blowing;
While beneath the forest trees
Gentle rills are flowing.

5 In the pastures fresh and green,
Flocks and herds are straying:
Sol, without a cloud is seen,
Light and warmth conveying.

6 See all nature join in praise—
Earth, and air, and ocean!
Upward then to heaven we'll raise
Songs of true devotion.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. L. M. S. W.

Our Fa - ther, God, who art in heav'n, To thy great
name be rev - 'rence given; Thy peace-ful king - dom
wide ex - tend, And reign, O Lord, till time shall end.

2 Thy sacred will on earth be done,
As 'tis by angels round thy throne;
And let us every day be fed,
With earthly and with heavenly bread.

3 Our sins forgive, and teach us thus
To pardon those who injure us;
Our shield in all temptations prove,
And every evil far remove.

4 Thine is the kingdom to control,
And thine the power to save the soul;
Great be the glory of thy reign,
Let every creature say, *Amen.*

THE SPIRIT'S REPROOFS. L. M.

To the preceding Tune.

1 Say, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy guilty soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warn'd thee from that wrath to flee?

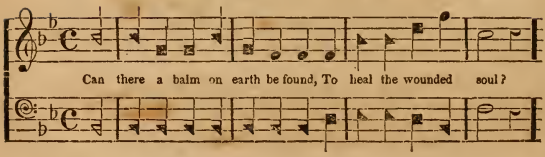
Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

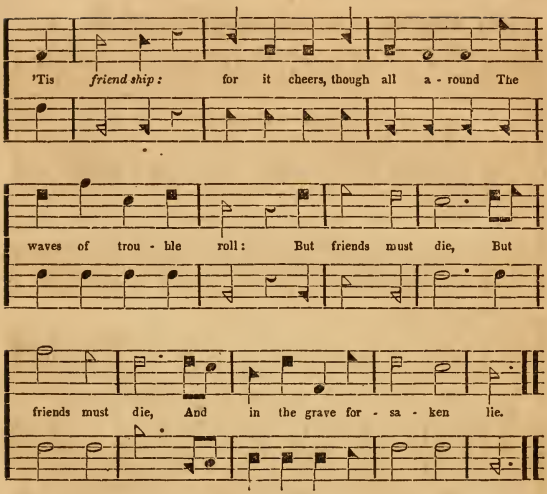
4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

5 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying man;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

6 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

FRIENDSHIP. P. M. S. W.



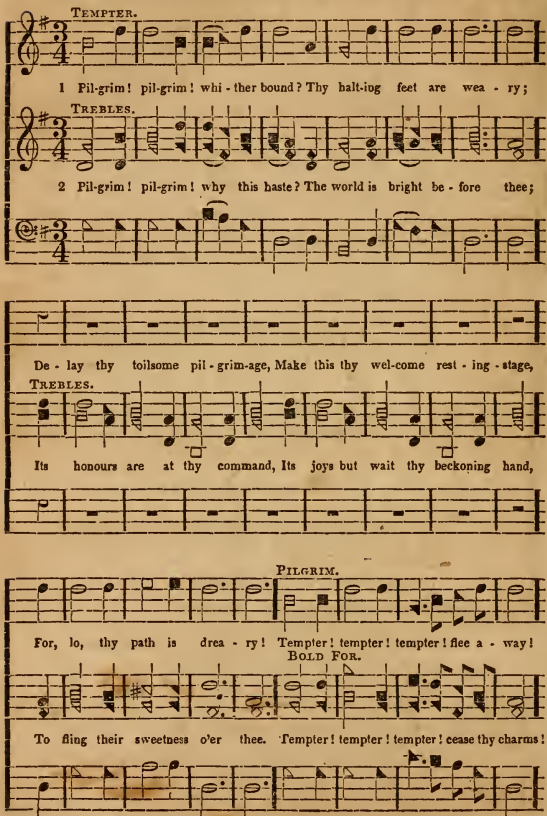

'Tis friend ship: for it cheers, though all a - round The
waves of trou - ble roll: But friends must die, But
friends must die, And in the grave for - sa - ken lie.

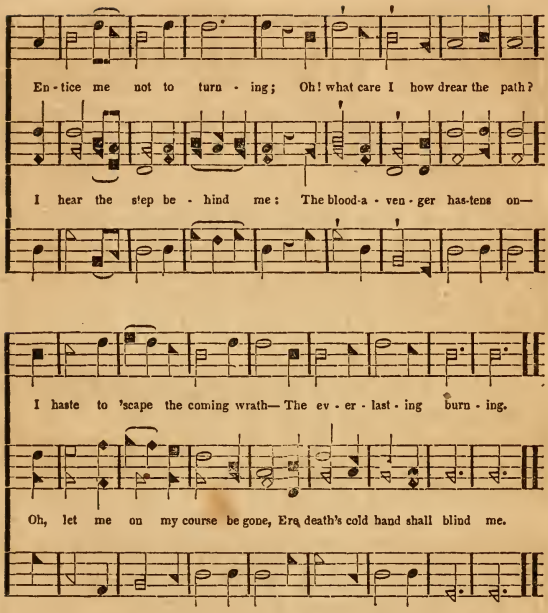
1 CAN there a balm on earth be found
To heal the wounded soul?
'Tis *friendship:* for it cheers, though all around
The waves of trouble roll:
But friends must die,
And in the grave forsaken lie.

2 If there be aught beneath the skies
That vies with things above,
'Tis friendship; when its sacred charms arise
From pure and virtuous love:
But still how vain!
Dust must return to dust again.

3 Yet, while our earthly comforts fly,
We still retain one friend:
'Tis Jesus! while he lives we cannot die,
Nor can his friendship end:
His love shall last
When death expires and time is past.

THE PILGRIM AND THE TEMPTER. P. M. S. A.

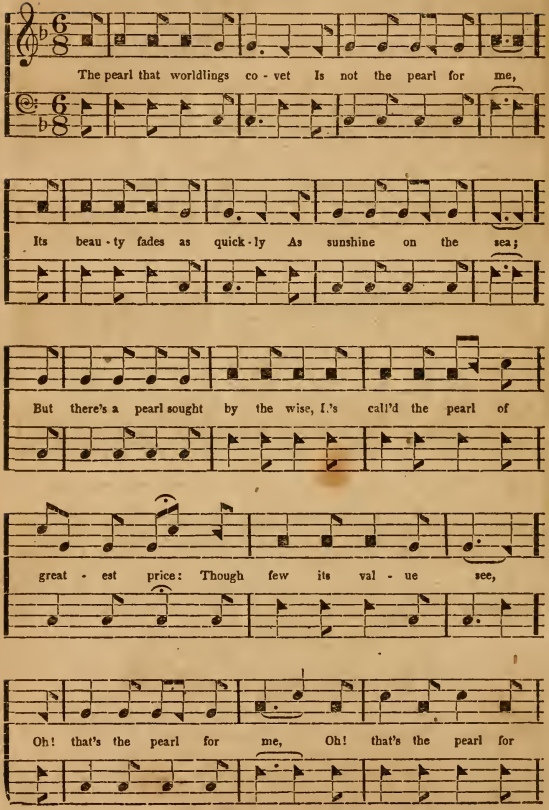

TEMPTER.
1 Pil-grim! pil-grim! whi-ther bound? Thy halt-ing feet are wea-ry;
TREBLES.
2 Pil-grim! pil-grim! why this haste? The world is bright be-fore thee;
De-lay thy toilsome pil-grim-age, Make this thy wel-come rest-ing-stage,
TREBLES.
Its honours are at thy command, Its joys but wait thy beckoning hand,
PILGRIM.
For, lo, thy path is drea-ry! Tempter! tempter! tempter! flee a-way!
BOLD FOR.
To fling their sweetness o'er thee. Tempter! tempter! tempter! cease thy charms!

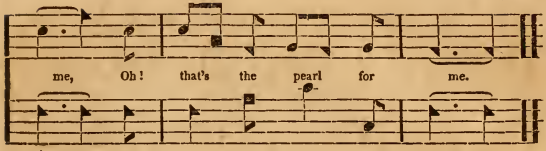

En - tice me not to turn - ing; Oh! what care I how drear the path?
I hear the step be - hind me: The blood-a - ven - ger has-tens on—
I haste to 'scape the coming wrath— The ev - er - last - ing burn - ing.
Oh, let me on my course be gone, Ere death's cold hand shall blind me.

Tempter. Pilgrim! pilgrim! let thy fears
Die like the gale at even;
Thy soul is safe—thy God is good—
And He will ne'er require thy blood,
But lead thee safe to heaven.

Pilgrim. Tempter! tempter! hence away!
I'll heed thy counsel never;
I cast myself in Jesus' arms;
Oh, Saviour, calm my soul's alarms—
I'm thine—I'm thine for ever.

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE. P. M.


The pearl that worldlings co - vet Is not the pearl for me,
Its beau - ty fades as quick - ly As sunshine on the sea;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise, It's call'd the pearl of
great - est price: Though few its val - ue see,
Oh! that's the pearl for me, Oh! that's the pearl for



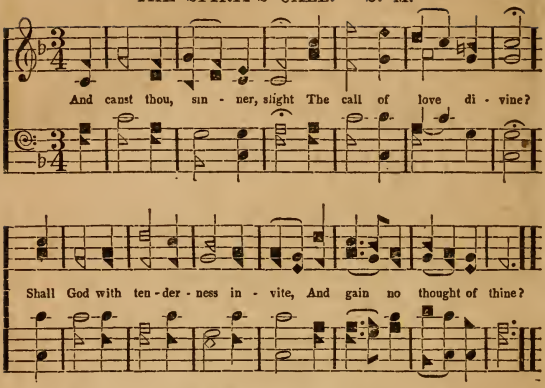
1 THE pearl that worldlings covet,
Is not the pearl for me;
Its beauty fades as quickly
As sunshine on the sea;
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's call'd the pearl of greatest price:
Though few its value see,
Oh! that's the pearl for me.

2 The crown that decks the monarch,
Is not the crown for me;
It dazzles but a moment,
Its brightness soon will flee;
But there's a crown prepared above
For all who walk in humble love,
For ever bright 'twill be—
Oh! that's the crown for me.

3 The road that many travel,
Is not the road for me:
It leads to death and sorrow,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
It's mark'd by Christ's most precious blood:
The passage here is free—
Oh! that's the road for me.

4 The hope that sinners cherish,
Is not the hope for me;
Most surely will they perish,
Unless from sin made free.
But there's a hope which rests in God,
And leads the soul to keep his word
And sinful pleasures flee—
Oh! that's the hope for me.

THE SPIRIT'S CALL. S. M. s. w.



1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all its sins opprest?

3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

5 Then harden not thy heart
Against the Spirit's voice;
To Christ submit; from sin depart;
Make wisdom's ways thy choice.

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